

SCRAPS, FROM THE CORRESPONDENCE OF A MUSICAL DILETTANTE TRAVELLING IN ITALY.

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his enthusiasm for the musical genius of the Italians, had imagined, on leaving home, that good teachers were as common south of the Alps, as advocates and writers of the signet in the northern or modern Athens. The hypochondriac Lombard, however, charmed with his interesting manners, his extreme modesty, and his talent, encouraged him to go on studying by himself, to dwell on the works of the good old school, and to frequent good operas at the theatre, when that was possible; and assured him, that if England possessed a few such young men as he, she would shortly have little for which to envy Italy.

Bologna.—The *Liceo di Bologna* is one of the oldest musical schools in Italy. I found it in a very low condition. Padre Mattei, master of counterpoint, is the only good professor, and his merits are confined to a profound knowledge of counterpoint and church music. When I waited upon him, I found him an amiable unassuming gentleman, far advanced in years. He told me he had several times met Doctor Burney in the same room in which he received me. The apartment was then occupied by the *maestro di contrapunto* of the Lyceum, Mattei's master, Padre Martini, whose learned history of music is well known. Martini had the merit of exciting the emulation, and, in a certain degree, of forming, the great composer Jommelli; portions of his own works are still much admired in Italy, and deservedly so. Padre Mattei seemed to consider music on the decline in Italy. In speaking of instructors and artists, he said there were none rising up to supply the place of those valuable men, who, one after another, had all dropped off. "Here in Bologna we have only one tolerable teacher of singing, and she a woman, the mistress of the girls in the Lyceum. I could recommend only Crescentini as a master, possessing the true Italian style of singing; he is *il solo avanzo della buona e vera scuola di canto Italiano*," (the sole remains of the good and true school of Italian singing.)

Bologna continues to be one of the great houses of call for singers; perhaps more business is done here in this way than at either Milan or Naples. On the expiration of their engagements performers repair here, so that there is always a tolerable number of *bassi*, *tenori*, *prime*, and *seconde donne*, &c. of various merit and price, to be picked up; and here consequently *impresari* or their brokers come to engage them for other parts of the Peninsula, and even for ultramontane countries, as in England crimps rendezvous at the "Jolly Tar," or "Crown and Anchor," to pack off sailors for the east and the west, the north and the south.

Italy, however, the possessor of the *Angelica favella*, the inventor and propagator, "*di quel cantar che nell'anima si sente*;" Italy, that for ages held as a right the furnishing of all Europe with vocal music and singers, is now, in appearance at least, losing her monopoly and supremacy; and composers and performers from regions of *rozzi ed inarmoniosi dialetti* not unfrequently cross the Alps and delight Italian audiences. While I was at Bologna the company at the opera was by no means excellent. *Two of the best singers were not Italians*. The orchestra was very good; and a good troop of instrumental performers is not so common in Italy as is generally imagined.

It was in this theatre that Rossini, at an early period of his career, was employed as *Maestro al Cembalo*, whose duty is to pass over their respective parts with the actors, &c. previous to representation, and this may have been supposed to have been a good course of study for him—a practical school of theatrical effect, as he was constantly engaged in perusing and hearing the scores of the masters then in vogue, Meyer, Generali, &c. and obliged by his limited circumstances to a diligence which was never natural to him. Maestro Cecchino little dreamed at that period, when he used to thrum over his piano for long—long hours in a dark room of the theatre lighted by a lurid lamp, to the tune of thirty *scudi* a month, and when his highest distinction and greatest treat was a dinner at the *Impresario's*, or a drive in the prima donna's primo amante's cabriolet, that the day was coming when he should receive presents from crowned princes; and when the loftiest aristocracy of Europe—the English, should think their splendid parties incomplete without his presence.

While on the subject of this lion of the day, I may as well tell a little story which I had heard from him some years before at Naples; and which I had confirmed (and this rogue's stories always stand in need of confirmation) by one of his old cronies at Bologna.

When Gioacchino Rossini was a very young man, and was just beginning to make himself known, he was included in the dreaded list of the French conscription, which then disposed of the sons of Italy as freely as those of France. No man could well be more remote from the martial temperament than Rossini; he was for running away, and hiding himself in woods and caves among birds and beasts—for doing any thing rather than carry a gun and be shot at. Fortunately, some friends came to his assistance, and the vice-queen, the wife of Beauharnois, was petitioned in his favour. By her desire the recreant maestro waited upon her; he was then not distinguished by that rotundity of face and figure that now ornament him, but was, on the contrary, very meagre and poor looking; it may be imagined he put on his closest garb, and assumed his most unmilitary air and demeanour. "Only see," said the princess to her good-natured husband and the commissary, "what a *poverino* he is!—*come e magrino e debolo—son e robba questa per la truppa di Napoleone*. Oh no!—*puo diventare un eccellente maestro di Cappella, ma come Soldato non valera mai niente!*" (Only see what a poor little fellow, how thin and weak he is; this is not stuff for the troops of Napoleon.)

Oh no! he may become an excellent composer, but as a soldier he will never be worth any thing.) The influence of the fair supplicant and the force of her arguments were irresistible; G.R.'s name was *scassato*; he kissed hands, and went away grinning to his theatre and actresses.

The world—even the musical world, does not seem to be generally aware how much Rossini is indebted to Generali, who certainly has been his favourite author and preferred model. This is more particularly seen in his early compositions; in fact, a great number of those brilliant musical ideas found in his operas, and which appear original, may be clearly traced to that source.

While at Bologna, employed over the works of others, he occasionally availed himself of Padre Mattei's instructions, and from him probably imbibed the greater part of that science which has enabled him to embody his own beautiful conceptions. As a *contrapuntista* he is however still accused of ignorance or wilful negligence.

Crescentini, the celebrated singer—the only one remaining of those astonishing *musicisti* who once enraptured Europe, has a pretty little villa in the neighbourhood of Bologna, which the loss of the handsome pension he enjoyed from Bonaparte, and the dissipation of the greater part of his savings in some unfortunate speculations, have obliged him to abandon. He had left his home a few days before my arrival at Bologna, but the pleasure I anticipated in discoursing with him was not long delayed.

SCRAPS, FROM THE CORRESPONDENCE OF A MUSICAL DILETTANTE TRAVELLING IN ITALY.

Naples.

CORREGGIO.—Here I found the Maestro Bonifazio Asioli, formerly, the celebrated Censore or Director of the Musical Conservatory of Milan. He was in ill health and generally confined to his house. The despondence and indifference of old age had reached him prematurely, and he considered the great and valuable exertions he had made in his delightful art as time thrown away; and the high degree of excellence he had attained in it as a shallow, valueless proficiency. The opinions of a man of broken health and spirits are always to be received with considerable reservation, and it is to be hoped (though my after experience has gone far to confirm Asioli's assertions) that the present state of music in Italy is not quite so bad as he states it to be. Of the merits of the popular idol, the monopolizer of all the operatical theatres of Europe, Rossini he spoke very justly. "I maintain," said he, "that Rossini should not be permitted to drive all our classical composers into the shades, for he has not, and never will, produce such perfect works of art as they have left us; and besides, his keeping them away from the public ear and memory, facilitates his plagiarisms, to which his natural indulgence always too much leads him: yet it must be granted, there are fashions in music as well as in every thing else; and it certainly requires talent to lead that fashion, and to become arbiter of the existing taste, especially in a country like Italy, where that taste cannot be supposed to be absolutely depraved."

Asioli smiled incredulously at my mention of Rossini's facility in composition. "The *stravagante*," said he, "may affect to throw off a score in a crowded noisy room and over a crazy little piano-forte—he may pretend to produce a *terzetto* at the supper-table, or a brilliant air in undressing for bed, but depend upon it this is mere display, mere affectation. His lazy hand may, perhaps, at such moments be stimulated by a paltry vanity to commit his thoughts to the custody of paper, but those thoughts have been working in him during his moments of solitude—his walks—his dreams. The labour of composition may be carried on without the presence of an instrument, or music paper and pens. The show he makes is unworthy of his genius; and the belief that genius is exempted from labour, is a superstition."

"It had been my good fortune to meet with a gentleman from Edinburgh, Mr. Finlay Dun, who was travelling in Italy with the view of improving himself in his profession of music. He had visited Correggio with the hope that Asioli might be induced to impart to him some of his valuable instructions, but for this the professor said he found himself morally incapacitated, nor could he recommend him another *maestro*. Besides a fine taste for composition and a great excellence on the violin, my friend Dun possessed a beautiful voice and a good style of singing, which he was anxious to cultivate in this vocal country. Asioli told him that in all Italy he could conscientiously recommend only the Cavaliere Crescentini as a *maestro* ~~secondo~~. There were great disadvantages for poor Dun, who, in

wife, and the future welfare of his son, opened a new and wide field for exertion. He knew that his much-loved son was soon to be left in this mercenary world, without an earthly guardian or support, and he felt the imperious call of duty to see him settled in life, if possible, ere he should be gathered to his fathers.

One plan alone seemed probable to succeed, which was to avail himself of a hitherto neglected military land-title. This title covered a large tract, somewhere in the eastern part of Kentucky; but, from the alteration in names, he was unable to tell its precise situation. He, however, resolved to search for it, at all hazards, and accordingly sold his trifling estate, settled his debts, and set forward on foot, with all the firmness of one inured to toil and hardships from infancy.

For one moment we will paint to ourselves the lovely landscape, with its skirted forests—its gurgling rill—its lowing cow and bleating sheep—yonder hill, and, at its foot, the circumscribed cottage, the home of the old patriot, and near it the grave of his wife: then behold the father, son, and faithful dog, bidding the whole a silent, lasting farewell!

The father was leaving the field of his glory, and the remains of his partner: in these two were associated the recollections of his dearest sublunary joys—the virtues and affections of his departed wife, and the first radiations from the sun of American liberty.

Whatever excitement shook him internally, his features wore the aspect of firm, high resolve.

Not so the son; in that grove and by that babbling rill, he and his dog had gamboled away many a vernal holiday. In that dear native hut, oft had he beguiled a long winter's evening, by listening to his father's legends of the old war, or conned over and over his prayers from the mouth of his sainted mother: he was now to leave them for ever. His ingenuous soul withered at the thought. From this circle all his joys and sorrows sprung—beyond it, all was vacuity. The fountain of youthful hope and buoyancy was closed, and tears flowed in their native exuberance as he turned and left the cottage of Stillwater Plains.

They bent their way to the nearest branch of the Alleghany, on which they embarked in an open boat, pennyless, and with a small store of eatables. One stormy evening, in the month of November they tied their canoe to a tree, and made their way to the nearest dwelling, which proved to be the habitation of an unfeeling planter. He turned a deaf ear to the claims of patriotic age, and shut his door upon our shelterless wanderers! Ingratitude overcame the veteran who had scorned the frosts of '76, and but for his son, he would have sunk under the weight of misfortunes.

They passed the night in one of the planter's barns, hungry, wet, and cold, on a bed of straw! At the dawn of day, our travellers set forward to the next village, and obtained a breakfast. They found themselves in Kentucky, on one of those extensive alluvial bottoms, peculiar to the great western rivers of North America.

On taking his title to a lawyer, the old gentleman found, to his astonishment, that it was a wealthy plantation; and what must have been his feelings, on finding it to be occupied by the very same British nabob who, the preceding evening, drove him and his suffering child from his door!

The wretch in his turn was forced to beg, for he had not enough left to pay the rent which had been amassing for *twenty years*: yet with more effect, for he was allowed to spend the remainder of his miserable days on a remote portion of the plantation. His life had been a series of cruelty and knavery, and this last crowning act was followed by the temporal beginning of an eternal retribution.

THE TRAVELLER.

A TALE OF TRUTH.

On the plains of Stillwater lived a revolutionary veteran and his little family—a wife and an only son, a sprightly lad of sixteen. A small plot of ground amply served their limited wants; and a “little all” it was—for, sheltered by a “snug little cot,” from wintry storms and summer's heat, fed by healthful industry, they passed along the vale of life in simple, solid, “sweet content.” Here, with an honest, grateful pride, did the old man behold his country rapidly rising in national piety and physical splendour, to a peerless rank among the kingdoms of the earth; and here he could have spent the few remaining days left for him, had not the death of his

LOVE AND HEROISM.

A Wedding in Hospital.— (Concluded.)

Madame de Montorin and her daughter lingered awhile at B— more unwilling than ever to return to a home, embittered by the vicinity of Victor and his unprincipled mother; who to forward her views, had given Adhemar a particular introduction to Mademoiselle de S—, that Cecile, by giving her hand, or at least her heart, to one of the most specious and accomplished votaries of dissipation, might expiate her refusal of her cousin.

They passed the following winter in the south of France; and amid the serene skies and mild zephyrs of Provence, how many a sad thought did Cecile bestow on the inexpressible hardships and sufferings by which her lost lover was expiating a life of abjured vice and folly!

From a relative high in the service, to whom, compassionating her daughter's state of mind, Madame de Montorin had written to make inquiries, they heard once during the brief triumphs of the advancing army, [to Russia] with which a second Xerxes thought to overwhelm an unresisting people.

'Where all are brave,' wrote Gen. N—, 'it is difficult to be distinguished for heroism; besides, we are as yet running prosperously before a gale, which ere long, some of us fear, may swell the tempest which is gathering over our devoted heads—But while all are dissipated—the thoughtless from constitution, the thinking to banish gloomy foreboding—your young friend alone lives but for his duty; associates with no one; avoids all amusements; in short, is known among his former intimates only by the name of Peter the Hermit. Heaven grant we may ever return from this yet wilder Northern Crusade!'

This letter, which from its tenor it may be conjectured was entrusted to a faithful private hand—(and which, as has since appeared, breathed at that time the sentiments of many of the older and less sanguine members of that fatal expedition)—was the last which ever reached Cecile or her mother. It was not till long after the return of the *debris* of that magnificent host from a retreat, the horrors of which were, fortunately for many a fond heart, but vaguely and imperfectly known till its disastrous termination, that Madame de Montorin could ascertain, from the most minute and anxious inquiry, that Adhemar was with the heroic and devoted rear-guard up to a very late period of the retreat; when, as was conjectured, he had been either killed or desperately wounded in a night skirmish with the Russian advanced-guard, having never afterwards rejoined his companions in arms; who deplored his loss, as one of the few redeeming examples of humanity, who, amid a crisis of misery and selfishness perhaps unparalled in the annals of the world, retained the sympathies of our common nature, and whose arm and life were ever at the service of the helpless and abandoned.

Farther painful inquiries ascertained, that his name had not appeared in any Russian list of killed or prisoners;—but how many heroes found nameless graves in the trackless snows, the half-frozen floods, and pathless forests of Russia!—All probabilities were against his surviving; and love, tenacious love, could alone cherish a sickly hope, fed only by fond presentiments, and watered with many a tear.

Summer came in uncheered by any tidings of the lover, over whose errors absence and misfortune had cast their friendly veil while they invested with tenfold charms the well remembered fascinations of his manners and conversation! It was among the aggravations of this cruel state of suspense, that the fears of the mother and vague hopes of the daughter, could not be freely communicated to each other: Madame de Montorin could not participate in the latter, and felt it her duty gently to extinguish them, while it was only by doubts (which her heart yet whispered were too well founded), that Cecile's mild temper could be irritated almost to resentment.

In the course of the eventful season which followed, these painful fluctuations were in some measure absorbed by personal considerations. The fearful struggle of the Corsican for the possession of his usurped dominion had commenced; and united Europe menaced France with a retaliation too equitable not to be successful.

Madame de Montorin, whose estate lay at no great distance from the threatened frontier, deemed it prudent to seek shelter in the city of Laon, whose central position in the heart of a long uninvaded kingdom, rendered it to all appearance an invulnerable asylum. Here, in the society of some amiable relatives, from whom they had long been accidentally estranged, Madame de Montorin and Cecile enjoyed as much tranquillity as the distant muttering of the storm, about to burst on their devoted country, would permit.

That storm at length rolled nearer and nearer; hostile armies poured their floods over the interior of *la belle France*, and fortified cities ceased to afford security to their affrighted inmates. Chance alone saved L— from the horrors of a siege: and after a sanguinary conflict within sight of its walls, it was successively occupied by flying friends and fast-pursuing foes. The passage of the former was, during this disastrous period, usually marked with most devastating fury; and the French soldier, inured to rapine in foreign climes, forgot to respect the soil which gave them birth. It was not till the tide of victory and vanquished had long rolled by, and till the murderous conflict had been decided under the walls of Paris, that one of those *Sœurs de la Charité* (to whose services in the cause of humanity even Napoleon did homage) came one day to the house of the lady under whose roof Cecile and her mother sought temporary refuge during scenes peculiarly formidable to unprotected females, and requested, from her known benevolence, some of those little sick-bed luxuries and comforts, which her own scanty means, and the exhausted funds of an impoverished hospital denied.

'I am sure, madame,' said Sœur Cecile, 'were you to see the person for whose comfort and recovery I venture to trouble you, your heart would bleed like mine for a young creature, bred, I am confident in ease and luxury—perhaps the *enfant gâté* of some wealthy family—now reduced to a pallet in a comfortless ward, subsisting on hospital fare, and subject to a thousand inconveniences, which he beats with the sweetness of an angel.'

But has he never mentioned the name of his family, or made any effort to acquaint them with his situation?"

"Why, madame," replied the good sister, "when he was first left here in the rapid retreat of *nos braves*, he was a fearful spectacle; with two sabre cuts in his head, which rendered him delirious for a long time, and from the effects of which, poor young man! the little he does say, is still very wild. When his fine hair was to be cut off to allow his wounds (which had been two days neglected) to be properly dressed, the poor unconscious gentleman resisted, and was like to have got the better of us, weak as he then was; but on hearing the surgeon call me 'Soeur Cecile,' he became calm at once, and let me manage him like a lamb. However, he soon grew bewildered again, and jumped up in bed, and asked me with frightful vehemence, if I had indeed become a nun, and if he had driven me to so desperate a refuge? Poor youth! little did he know what he was saying. But of course he took me for some other Cecile; for whenever he became refractory, I had only to bid some one pronounce my name, and it soothed him at once. He had other wounds, some of them of long standing, which broke out afresh; and being but weak and emaciated (as I heard from some of his comrades) when he joined them as a volunteer, having only escaped a few weeks before from that horrid place Russia, where he was left behind a prisoner, he was ill able to struggle with such complicated sufferings, and many a time have I feared to lose my interesting patient! In the hurry of the last few weeks, it was only by snatches that I could attend to him; but now that the hospital is quieter, and many of our wounded convalescent, I do long to set him once more upon his legs; and methinks a little good wine, and a few simple comforts, would do more towards his recovery than anything, except perhaps a sight of that said Cecile, upon whom his poor distracted head is always running!—It would do your heart good, madame, to see a once gay and handsome gentleman, bearing misfortune like a Christian, never murmuring or complaining, but thinking even his hard lot too good for him! I cannot help fearing that he has been wicked; he seems to look upon his present sufferings in the light of a penance, and so they are, perhaps. Heaven only knows. God forbid that we should judge a suffering brother!"

Madame de L—— was only roused by a cessation of the good nun's harangue from the deep reverie into which she had been thrown by her singular narration. The influence of Cecile's name—the circumstance of detention in Russia—all conspired to make her hope it might be Adhemar; but being personally unacquainted with him, she judged it advisable cautiously to communicate her suspicions to Madame de Montorin, who she doubted not would eagerly avail herself of an opportunity to verify her conjectures, without exciting perhaps fallacious hopes in Cecile, or risking a premature recognition in the patient's present precarious condition.

On pretence of procuring the necessary cordials for the invalid, she sought her friend, and told her briefly on what her vague hopes were founded, advising her to accompany Soeur Cecile at once to the hospital. To do so, in her own character, being both unpleasant for herself, and hazardous to the patient's tranquillity, it was not difficult to persuade the benevolent nun to lend for a charitable purpose her own venerable habit to Madame Montorin, who undertook, with a beating heart and trembling limbs, to act as her substitute in administering the long forgotten comforts provided by the eager friendship of Madame de L——.

On being ushered into the vast ward, all whose pallets except one were now vacant by the death or recovery of their occupants, Madame de Montorin's heart died within her, and she had scarcely strength to approach that on which reposed in feverish and unquiet slumber the object of so many months of anxiety and doubly maternal solicitude. No eye, save one familiarized by long intercourse and sharpened by intense anxiety, could have recognized in the pale emaciated figure stretched on that obscure pallet, the gay, the elegant, the accomplished Adhemar!—But it was he! And Madame de Montorin's prophetic heart whispered, that the painful exterior change was more than compensated by the bright metamorphosis within! She gazed on him in fearful silence till in apparent pain he softly uttered the name of Cecile, and awoke. On opening his eyes, and perceiving in lieu of his benevolent nurse, a stranger, though habited in the same philanthropic garb, he sunk back at first, in evident disappointment; then in a sweet voice, as if to atone for his ungraciousness, thanked her for her kind attendance, and anxiously inquired 'if his dear Cecile was in her usual health.'

This question, addressed to a mother under such circumstances, proved a powerful trial of Madame de Montorin's fortitude. It was, however, sufficient to enable her to answer with tolerable composure, in a feigned voice, whose tones seemed, however, to strike the patient's ear as familiar, and to open the way for a whole train of ideas and recollections, which disease and suffering had weakened and confused without obliterating.

"My good sister!" exclaimed Adhemar, raising himself hastily on his pillow, "I have lingered here too long! I must set off for F—— immediately. I have not received Cecile's pardon, and if I die here without imploring it, she will never know that for her sake I fought and conquered, and bled, and suffered, and spurned wealth and refused liberty; that I died defending my country, and that she may weep without disgrace over my grave!"

Exhausted by this unusual effort, Adhemar sunk back on his pillow; and Madame de Montorin, judging that even the excitement of a discovery, cautiously conducted, would be less pernicious than the reveries of a disordered imagination, after administering to him some of the cordials which she informed him were the gift of a benevolent lady, sat down with averted face at the head of his bed, and inquired whether he had any friends in F—— likely to have discovered or suspected his condition, and contributed thus to his comfort?

"No, ma bonne!" said Adhemar sorrowfully: "when I was young and gay, I had flatterers and boon companions, but no friends, and then I did not miss them; but now, that I need, and perhaps deserve them, all those I had made are buried in the snows of Russia, or dead of broken hearts at home!"

"Your present benefactress," said the pretended sister, (seeming not to notice this affecting reply) "is Madame de L—— who resides in the Grand Place, and at her house I saw a Madame de Montorin, who since the invasion——"

It was as impossible for her to proceed in this tone of dissembled coldness and indifference, as for the parched lips of Adhemar to utter the name of Cecile! The mute eloquence of his beseeching eye was irresistible, and Madame de Montorin answered it by exclaiming "My son, my son!" and receiving in her arms the insensible victim of joy. She hung over him in speechless agony, till her efforts had recalled suspended animation: and thanked heaven fervently for the opportune relief, when his half-opening eye closed again in the slumber of exhaustion, without resting on an object too deeply agitating for his enfeebled frame.

He slept long and placidly: the name of Cecile hovered more than once on his lips, but with it there played a soft smile over his features; and his regular breathing and tranquil pulse gave indications of a salutary crisis. He awoke another creature, and stretching out his hand to Madame de Montorin, seemed as if some beautiful vision had gradually unfolded to him his blissful prospects, and rendered explanation superfluous—"Cecile will come to-morrow, will she not, mother?" whispered he in a calm subdued tone. "I can lay my hand on my heart, and say as she bids me; that for two years

that heart has not reproached me; and then you know she promised whenever and wherever I should do so, to be my own Cecile. I have it under her hand, dear mother, and near my heart, where it has lain through fire and blood and carnage, like a blessed talisman, working miracles." So saying, he drew from his bosom a small case containing the precious, though half obliterated billet of Cecile. Her mother's eyes glistened on beholding this proof of the magic of virtue; but what was her surprise on observing that the same receptacle contained a golden ringlet, very different from the dark auburn hair which now adorned the head of her daughter! She recollected, however, that Victor, in the insolence of his assumed indifference towards his amiable betrothed, had denied having preserved any memorials of their juvenile attachment, when his own forfeited pledges were reluctantly returned, and the truth flashed on her mind. She shook her head reproachfully. "Yes, mother!" said Adhemar, answering her gesture, "the last act of human selfishness which I indulged in, was extorting at the sword's point from the cowardice of guilt, a treasure which I suspected its polluted recesses might yet contain. Letters, ringlets, all were made over to me with the sullenness of disappointed malice. I read the letters, (Cecile must pardon me if I found the temptation irresistible,) till I had imprinted them forever on my memory; then with the awful reverence of a fire-worshipper, I shielded them in the flames from the eyes of the profane. It is from those ashes that my new character and other self has sprung! The soul, perhaps, is now more worthy of Cecile, but" added he, playfully smiling, "will she accept the body, shattered with wounds, worn with fatigue and anxiety, perhaps disabled forever from activity and usefulness?"—"Such as you are," answered Madame de Montorin, "I will answer for Cecile's marrying you to-morrow, if she survives the discovery, which I would to Heaven were well over!"

So saying, she tore herself from her interesting patient, and flew to encounter another scene, little less critical and affecting. The details may easily be left to the imagination, even more apt than words to picture the transition from despair to rapture. It only remained to settle the ceremonial of these hard-earned nuptials; and the reformed tenets which Adhemar ever since his acquaintance with Cecile had inclined to, and had now on principle adopted, not rendering imperative their solemnization in a place of worship, it was in the very hospital where, by a long course of patient suffering, Adhemar had perhaps best proved his claims to the hand of Cecile, that he was permitted to call it his own, in the face of God and man.

In an honourable retreat on her maternal estate, their years have since flowed peacefully and happily; and the latter days of Adhemar have proved that penitence may, even here below, be crowned with heartfelt bliss. Victor, whom levity and want of principle first induced to desert his falling leader for the rising star of the Bourbons, and whom political fluctuations engaged in a fresh course of treachery to them, expiated his perfidy on the scaffold.

and thankfulness, as in every situation there is ample space afforded for the exercise of every pleasing, every endearing, every noble quality.

To shine in the bright annals of excellence, to glow with the fervour of genuine piety, or to diffuse amid society the sweet charms of attractive goodness, it is not necessary to be placed in one scene of action; the treasures of friendship, of peace, or of content, are not confined to any exclusive race of beings. The sun that rises to diffuse light and heat over this terrestrial globe, spreads its enlivening influence, at some season, through every part of the earth. The dews which refresh exhausted nature are alike beneficial to all ranks of mankind. The rose which blooms in summer's pride offers its sweet fragrance to every traveller. Let not man, then, frail and erring man, presume to call in question the wisdom and mercy of that ever bountiful Creator, who has planned and assigned to every individual of the human race his or her station in life, by excluding any one of those stations from that share of happiness which is placed within the reach of all.

I know not why an old maid should be imagined so incapable of participating in the pleasures of society, nor can I conceive why her duties should be less binding, or less attractive than those which occupy the rest of her sex; that they are different in many respects I will not pretend to doubt, but surely the path of rectitude, the line of happiness, may be pursued with as much advantage by one as the other. The ties of wife and mother, it is true, call forth all the exertions, all the sensibilities of a female; in contemplating them her heart glows; her bosom beats with every softer feeling. But has the old maid then no object on whom she can lavish the tenderness of a feeling nature? Does no aged parent, no much-loved sister, no cherished friend, depend on her for comfort and happiness? Ah! how many important cares does each of those relations impose; how many sweet duties are blended in their train! Martha no longer can claim from the world the attentions due to youth and beauty, nor can she rank among the list of those who have buried in the dignities of a matron, the fears of having outlived the praises and assiduities of a ball-room circle; in short, Martha is—an old maid. But could you see her watching over the couch of sickness, soothing the declining years of a tender father, and, by a thousand little thoughtful attentions, softening the sufferings of age, you would not imagine that Martha's sphere of usefulness was at all confined by her wanting the title of wife or mother. Anna is another who has bid adieu to the expectations of matrimony, and Anna has long since wept over the cold remains of those who gave her birth; the sister too, who shared with her the hopes and joys of youth, has left her to follow her course alone; but think not that Anna has no sphere in which to exert the powers of a cultivated understanding; the virtues of a feeling heart, the tear of gratitude, welcomes her approach to the cottage of want. The prayers of her fellow-creatures accompany her departure from the dwellings of misery. The smile of friendship, the endearments of affection, the consolation of sympathy, cheer the thorny path of life; and while her present scene displays the exercise of every Christian, every benevolent duty; while her earthly pilgrimage is lightened by the blessings of peace and content, her future prospects are sweetened by the conscious reflection of not having lived in vain. Nor will Anna ever want duties to fulfil, or pleasure to enjoy, while there exists one human being who may be benefited by her cares and attention.

THE OBSERVER.

"Something must be done for us—poor old maids."

AN OLD MAID.

AMONG all the various situations which Providence, with a kind and even liberal hand, has distributed over the beings of his creation, and amid the several lots which fall to the share of the female sex in particular, none has become so generally an object of fear and abhorrence as that of an "old maid." It is a bug-bear to the young, and a source of discontent or ridicule to those of more advanced years; its very name is sufficient to create a horror in the minds of some; and to hear the terms in which it is mentioned by persons of all ages, one would be inclined to imagine that when Pandora's box was first opened, every evil contained therein had settled on this unfortunate state. But this is not the first instance in which mankind have been known to view things through a false medium: neither is it the only blessing that has been rejected for want of judgment to appreciate its value. There is no state, no station in life that is exempt from care, from sorrow, and from suffering; there is no lot so wholly devoid of comfort, as to entail uninterrupted misery on its possessor; and in every situation, however estimated by the world, a Christian may find abundant cause for joy

How many examples could I produce of old maids who have proved a blessing to the world and an ornament to society—but my time is too limited to allow of such lengthy arguments. Let every body, however, remember that each station in life, every individual of the human race, has some talent intrusted to his or her care, which if properly understood will prove a sufficient occupation for the time allotted her, a full source of joy and usefulness for youth and age. It is scarcely possible to meet with a creature so entirely destitute of every tie that can bind her to society as an old maid, who has neither parent, friend, or relation, to call forth her innate benevolence. That active charity which constitutes so large a part of the Christian character, may be exercised through every period of her existence; and that perfect content, which results from a conviction of a superintending power, is to be acquired in all situations, may be practised on various occasions, and will render an old maid as acceptable in the eyes of the Creator, as she who hands her name down to posterity through a numerous race of descendants. Does an exemption from some duties preclude the necessity of fulfilling any? Does the want of one relationship cast us off from the bonds of every other? Oh! let the youthful female consider her numerous, her extensive powers of diffusing usefulness, which claim her attention from the moment she is capable of distinguishing them. Let her cast her eyes around the world and view the great field of action that lies before her, and then let her ask her own heart if it is necessary to confine her within one particular circle to put those powers in motion. To cheer the bed of sickness, to dry the tear of sorrow, to shelter the houseless child of want, to clothe the naked, feed the hungry, and instruct the ignorant, is, in some degree, the lot assigned to every disciple of our blessed Lord. And she who has neither husband nor children to engross her time, may find in this wide circle of humanity full occupation for every hour of her life. The stores of religion, the powers of improvement, are the choice of all mankind; and she who, to a pious feeling heart, joins a cultivated understanding and a contented disposition, will engage the respect and esteem of all whose esteem and respect are worth engaging, will meet with blessings at every step, and find ample occupation for every hour of her life, though that life should exceed even the years of Methuselah.

CAPTAIN CLAPPERTON AND HIS FELLOW TRAVELLERS

We are enabled to communicate to our readers some interesting, but melancholy, information respecting the African travellers. By letters received from Captain Willis, of the *Brazen*, transmitting his correspondence with Captains Clapperton, Houston, &c it appears that, on the 5th December, Clapperton writes to say, that, through the intercession of the king of Badagry, he had obtained permission from the king of Hio to pass through his dominions; and that a proper escort of horses and guides were waiting his arrival; that he was to proceed the following morning, first crossing a lake near Papoe. He states that Hio is the Yariba of the Arabs.

On the 15th he writes from Jennah, a town in the kingdom of Yariba, describing the difficult and fatiguing journey they had made, chiefly through thick woods, but that the country afterwards became exceedingly beautiful, the people kind, well dressed in cap, shirt, and trowsers, and in possession of numerous horses. He states that, from Jennah to Katunga, the capital of Yariba, is about thirty days journey, and from thence only three days to the Niger Kowara; he adds, that Captain Pearce, Mr Morrison, and their white servants, had suffered much from fever, but were getting better.

On the 24th Mr. Houston writes from Jennah, to say that, in consequence of Dr. Morrison's severe indisposition, and after having advanced from Jennah about twenty miles, he was under the necessity of being sent back to the coast, but that the others were recovering. In a few days after their return to Jennah, Dr. Morrison and his servant both died.

On the 10th of January Mr. Houston writes to his agent from Chiodo, saying, that he found, in his return from Jennah to Engua, that Captain Clapperton had been ill with fever, and his servant Richard the same, but that both were convalescent, and proceeding to their destination; and concludes by saying 'there is no fear for Clapperton's health now; in a short time he will have accomplished what has been the object of other nations. that of having travelled from west to east of the great African continent. During the last five days, we have been crossing the mountains of Kong, which, through the whole of that distance, are the most romantic and beautiful that can be imagined. We are now, I suppose, 2,500 feet above the level of the sea, in a fine atmosphere, the thermometer 89 to 90 deg. (we have had it 98 deg.) and in lat. 8 deg. 23 min. 30 sec. and half way to Katanga, at which place, as we now travel so much faster, we hope to arrive in twelve days. I shall see Clapperton across the Niger, and return with all haste. He is again quite well and as hard as a Fallatugh.'

By a letter from Clapperton to Captain Willis, dated Engua, 28th December, he says, 'It is my misfortune that I have nothing to communicate but the worst of news. Poor Pearce died yesterday, and I buried him to-day as respectably as I could, all the people of the town paying the greatest attention while I read the funeral service over his remains.'

We have already mentioned that Dr. Dickson set out from the coast for Dahomey, accompanied by M. de Souza and Mr. James. The latter had returned to the coast. From him it appears that they reached Dahomey on the 16th December, where they were received by the king and his caboccers with the greatest respect. Mr. Dickson had a fever, but on the 26th he was sufficiently recovered to attend an audience, when it was settled that he should have a safe conduct through his dominions and those of his allies, to a place called Shar, said to be seventeen days' journey from Dahomey, in a northerly direction. He left Dahomey on the 31st, accompanied by 50 armed men and 100 bearers.—The king appointed a relation of his own as a guide and ambassador to accompany him on his journey,—a man who knew the country well, and who had travelled to Yariba. The direction from Shar to Youry is a little to the eastward of north.

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ly from an inherent desire in them to encourage any thing particularly bad, even though they derive no pleasure from it. Among other abominations, Braham roared out some words, to the tune of an old march, about England the Pride of the world; and the metre to the music, that he could by no means make the one trot along with the other. In spite of all his endeavours to the contrary, the band got the start, and kept it throughout, notwithstanding that Mr. Braham exerted himself to the utmost to bring up his England, and glories and rorys in time. He also uttered some unmusical sounds about a youth who went a soldiering with "a sword and shield," and heard "the dread command—ready, present, fire," without being particularly frightened. This was a genuine Vauxhall ballad. It must have been composed, I guess, either by Mr. O'Rourke or Mr. Braham, and the words ought to be by Billy Upton, Esq. or Robert Southey, Esq.

It is a melancholy thing to hear such a singer as Braham singing before a vulgar audience. No man can sing better nor worse than he; and as he always sings for the applause of the many, he always sings detestably before a vulgar public.

Tired of hearing intolerable music, seeing many lamps which showed only brown foliage and green faces, gazing idly at a bad ballet, and wondering when a rope dancer would have done balancing a long pole, I sought refuge from ennui in a supper box, where I had a cruelly hard struggle with an obdurate chicken—as the black said, "he looked very little, but he was dam old." This I know, that the time from the period when he was taken off the spit to that when he perplexed my teeth, must have been sufficient to have made him a very old fowl, even though he had been a chicken when he was originally dressed—about which I have my doubts, being inclined to think that he was a dwarf, and of ancient years, though of small stature: for his body and a delicate slice of a coarse pig, I and a companion in misfortune paid six shillings, which we had no reason to complain of, as we neither of us lost any teeth in the struggle. Of the wine, I will not say one word. What I tasted out of a black bottle such as wine is sometimes sold in, is between me and my conscience. The fact shall never transpire; nothing but the threat of another pint of the same could ever extort the secret from me, and such torture as I have imagined is inconsistent with the spirit of our glorious constitution.

DIARY FOR THE MONTH OF AUGUST.

It has been absurdly reported about town, that Sir James Mackintosh has been jumping over fifteen hurdles eight feet high, at Battersea Red House, for a bet. I believe that Sir James would make as little of any thing that stood in his way as most men; but there is no truth in this story, which has originated in a confusion of names. The paragraph which gave rise to it was the following:—

"A gentleman named Markintosh has betted fifty to forty sovereigns, that on Saturday next he will, at the Battersea Red House, jump over fifteen hurdles eight feet high, each hurdle to be placed at a distance of three yards. The feat to be performed within a minute. The bettings are six to four against the performance."

On this day, the 31st of July, *The Representative*, which has long been in a languishing way, was united to the *New Times*. This event is celebrated in an announcement from the latter and more substantial journal of the two, in which we find some curious assertions.

"The *New Times*," says the *New Times*, "has been joined by the *Representative*, a measure often urged by the friends of both papers, and which we anticipate will meet the decided approbation of the public."

The truth is, that when Murray was about to bring forth the *Representative*, the *New Times* was offered to him, but he disdainfully rejected the overture, saying that he would not take it if it were given to him. How are the mighty fallen! How is the pride of the *Rip* humbled! on its last legs it is glad to grasp at the suitor it had so haughtily rejected.

The address goes on thus:—"For upwards of six months, there had existed in the metropolis, two morning papers addressed to the same class of readers, formed nearly on the same model, actuated by the same spirit, and embracing the same objects."

If they were indeed "actuated by the same spirit," it was a very matrimonial one, for they did nothing but snap and snarl at each other, and they "embraced the same object" pretty much the same as two dogs embrace the same bone. But perhaps these circumstances are auspicious to a happy union. As Mrs. Malaprop says, "It is best to begin with a little aversion."

The address continues:—"It must have occurred to every reflecting mind, that, while a rivalry between two such publications was wholly without aim or object, it produced a waste of talent, and a scattering of those literary means which might have been combined to constitute a journal of the highest character and utility."

I believe it has never occurred to any one, reflecting or unreflecting, that there was any "waste of talent" in *The Representative*, unless indeed the word *waste* is here used in the agricultural sense of *barrenness*.

The address is an unlucky one—but while I laugh at its ill-judged strokes, I wish with all my heart happiness and prosperity to the new married couple. It is desirable that all great parties in the state should be ably represented; and we shall be very glad, if an union of the sales of the ministerial papers produces an union of strength, which may produce an efficient organ of government.

—There are no limits to the silliness of *The Morning Chronicle* small-print paragraphs; under the head of the *Mirror of Fashion*, there appears to day this *utenserie*:—

"One of the earliest revivals next season at Covent Garden Theatre, will be Shakspeare's *Othello*, [*Othello a revival!*!! Oh Paul Pry, Paul Pry, look out your words in the dictionary, man, before you use them, and acquire some slight idea of their meaning. How long has *Othello* been dead or sleeping in the theatre, thou dunder-head?] in which Young will perform the Moor; [Oh, news! news! great news!] Ward, Iago; and Charles Kemble, Cassio; which the late Mr. Kemble [being entirely impartial] always considered one of the most perfect personifications on the English stage."

Where were the eyes of the Editor when he suffered this idiotism to find its way into the columns of his paper?

—Went to Vauxhall, where I saw no very considerable number of people pursuing amusement with great activity and perseverance, and with all appearance of the most profound melancholy. They made most desperate rushes from one *spectacle* to another, exerting themselves, manibus pedibusque, to occupy the best stations at the various entertainments, but the settled gloom on their heavy faces was never for a moment dissipated.—On recollection, I am wrong here, it was for a moment dissipated, when at the Concert, a Miss Love—a Grimaldi in petticoats, who ought to have red half-moons painted on her cheeks, and to wear a green cock-a-too tuft on her head, like him of Sadlers Wells—in the middle of a popular *Vauxhall* ballad called "Buy a Broom," squeaked buy a broom in the manner of the hard visaged and short petticoated foreigners who haunt the streets with those articles of merchandize—the jest just caught the humour of the good company, who with one accord uttered a grunt of delight something between a groan and a short hysterical chuckle. Sadness however resumed its sway after this momentary interruption of its reign, and notwithstanding that Braham sung some very vulgar songs, fitted for the meridian of Vauxhall, in the very vulgarest style, and bawled more execrably than can be easily conceived, even by those who know how villainously Braham can sing when he is so disposed—even under these circumstances the audiences testified no satisfaction. To be sure they yelled out *anchor*, [*excorre*,] but it was in mere wantonness of mischief, and on-

FACTS AND FANCIES,
BY A TRAVELLER.

THERE is no time more misemployed than that spent in preparing for an excursion. One, two, and three days, thus given up, only multiply the objects of a person's wishes, and, after all, something will be still wanting or forgotten. A traveller, then, instead of encumbering himself with various nick-nacks, bringing with them as various cares, could do no better than start forthwith, after having determined on his route, and put his *viaticum* in an inside pocket; putting at the same time such necessary little articles as might be at hand, into a small bundle, which he might occasionally sling on his arm. In this age of civilization, wherever a man travels, he can have for money every article of necessity; some things he can have cheaper and better than in England. To take silks and shoes to France, for instance, or hats and handkerchiefs to Brussels, or cravats to Courtray, would be no better than carrying coals to Newcas-
tle. In landing in France, on entering its walled towns, or crossing the frontiers, much delay and trouble will be avoided by having only little baggage. I entirely approve the conceit of the gentleman whose gallantry lately subjected him, in a certain county near London, to *durance vile*. Land-
ing at Calais one time, and being asked by the proper officer for his key to search his boxes, he replied, by pulling out of his hat a stock and cravat, *voilà mon baggage, Monsieur*. *****

Among the necessary articles in one's pocket, should be some small book, to call his attention to objects, and another small book, to note down his observations, as well as his disbursements. The placing of the latter often before one's view, will prove a wholesome *memento* to suggest how far he can go, and when he ought to return. The memory is not to be trusted with all the reflections that are suggested to the mind. A person might have gone from New-York to Bencoolen, with no other impression on his mind than that of the distances and names of places, unless he preserves some written record. For every man is not now a Monsieur Pascal, who, I think, is said to have remembered every thing that he ever said, heard, or read! A man who imposes on himself this duty, may, besides enabling himself to gratify the curiosity of others, learn to think more accurately, because he will find it necessary to inquire more minutely, and what appeared a labour in the beginning, may in the end become an agreeable and a useful exercise. *****

It is really surprising how often and how suddenly resolutions, made in most sober moments, are turned into vain boastings. I have known persons to make vows of economy, and to declare they would save the sixpence, and carry their val-
lisse in their hand, yet no sooner does a chap come up with "Oh! your honour, I'll take that for you, 'tis all the same," than they lose all firmness; thus, while they calculate on no expense, comes the por-
ter, and the beggar, and the importunate newsman, who with his "grand news to-day, sir," takes one in for double price. Again, having breakfasted well on beef-steaks, (than which nothing is better against sea-sickness,) they resolve to avoid the ex-
pense of dinner; "the voyage is short, no comfort in dinner here, the company promiscuous, and the expense considerable." The steward comes with his slate and pencil—"Will I take your name for dinner, sir?"—"No;" is the short reply. Yet, when the table is laid, there is a *mauvaise honte* about them; they not only do as others do, but even go beyond them in every expense. There is

positively something infectious in seeing persons eating and drinking. We must eat and drink, too, and not care for the expense. *****

These steam packets, though they have added to the comforts, have taken away much of the romance of a voyage. There is no occasion now to make one's will—no necessity to make provision against detention by calms or squalls: the voyage is made within an hour, or perhaps a few minutes of the time proposed. No perils, no adventures—the reign of gallantry is extinct: ladies are now as comfortably secure in a packet-boat as they could be in a draw-
ing-room. There are no opportunities of proving a cavalier's devotion. In a voyage of fifteen hours there was but one incident worthy of notice. A very young gentleman—the length of whose brass spurs, and the studied fierceness of his looks, pointed him out as an intrepid son of Mars—kept pacing the deck all day, evidently wrapt in cogitations of noble daring. The clanking of his chains resem-
bled a whole prison of felons. An accident, which proved quite innoxious, alarmed several, and threw all the passengers into some confusion. When order was restored, this young god of war was miss-
ing: his mamma, inconsolable, searched about in vain. Our hero was found in his carriage, with his head between the cushions. This brushing up of the hair against the grain, and such other affecta-
tions, are far from being proofs of courage.

THE HEROINE.

" Women, when arm'd with virtue, know not fear:
" Danger and death they meet with souls more firm
" Than men."

HENRY AND ELIZA.

The female character, when life passes smooth and tranquil, appears to be wholly made up of tenderness and dependence. It shrinks from the gaze of the rude, and recoils from the slightest touch of the impudent. But, however it may appear in these circumstances, certain it is that, when dangers impend, traits of heroism and intrepidity dart out amid this tenderness and dependence, like lightning from the soft, fleecy clouds of a summer's evening. So, when we stand by the ocean's side, and view its smooth and tranquil bosom, we little suspect the terrible energy of its waves when lashed into fury by the winds.

The following fact confirms these remarks:—In the year 1750, Henry and Eliza, a newly-married pair, and the children of wealthy parents in Boston, left their paternal abode, determined to effect a permanent settlement at a place called D—, in the

state of Massachusetts. Eliza had been brought up in the midst of affluence, and was acquainted with distress and poverty only in the abstract. Though her character was made up of all those qualities which we most admire in her sex, yet no one would have suspected the presence of those which her subsequent life so abundantly evinced.

After the lapse of five years, their house and farm presented the appearance of neatness and comfort; and except being sometimes startled from the slumbers of midnight by the yell of the savage or the howl of the wolf, they had themselves suffered no molestation. The prospect from the house was bounded on all sides by forests, except in one direction, where there was a deep valley, from which the wood had been cleared, to open a communication with an adjoining town. The rays of the setting sun, shooting almost horizontally into this valley, enabled the eye to reach to a great distance, and formed a striking contrast to the deep gloom that bounded both sides of the way. It was through this opening that Henry might be frequently seen, at the close of the day, returning from labour in a distant field. It was here, too, that the eye of affection and hope first caught a view of its beloved object.

One evening, about the end of June, Henry was seen half way up the valley, on his way home. At this instant, a tall, stout Indian leaped from the adjoining wood—seized upon the unprotected and unsuspecting Henry, and appeared to be in the act of taking his scalp. The forest around rung with savage yells, and four Indians were seen bounding over the fields towards the house. In an instant the tender and dependent Eliza was transformed into the bold, the intrepid heroine. She deliberately fastened the doors, removed her two sleeping children into the cellar, and, with her husband's rifle, stationed herself before the window, facing the Indian. The foremost Indian had just then disappeared behind a small hillock; but as he rose to view, he fell in the grasp of death. She hastily reloaded, and anxiously waited the approach of the three remaining Indians, who appeared to be exhausted by running. Two of them met with a fate similar to that of their companion; but the third succeeded in reaching the door, and commenced cutting it down with his hatchet. Our heroine, with admirable presence of mind, recollecting that she had a kettle of boiling water above stairs, took it, and poured it down on this son of the forest, who, that instant looking up, received the whole contents, hot as they were, into his face and eyes. Blinded and scalded by the water, and rendered desperate by being thus outwitted by a woman, (which of all things a savage most abhors,) he ran furiously around the corner of the house, and stumbled into a deep well.

Freed from immediate personal danger, she became deeply anxious to know the fate of her husband. On looking towards the spot where he had been first seized by the Indian, she beheld him not only alive, but struggling with energy against the foe, both covered with blood. She immediately hastened to his relief; and, unperceived, despatched a ball through the head of his adversary. On the discharge of her gun both fell—the one in the convulsions of death, the other by exhaustion: the one was restored to his mother earth, the other to the arms of an affectionate and truly heroic wife.

THE REPOSITORY.

HIS LANDLADY.

From an unpublished Novel, by the late Walter Torrens, Esq.

***** When at college himself he had been a little gay, and remembering the consequences of his own follies, was anxious that I should pay some attention to Edmund.

"I know your habits," said he; "but what I mean by attention is not that sort of hospitable kindness which is apt to bring on the very evil I wish to guard against; in a word, I entreat for him the attention of an observant eye—the eye of a censor—as well as the occasional advice of a friend."

Heaven knows how ill qualified I am by nature for any office of severity, especially towards the aberrations of young men. Among the pleasantest recollections of my youth, are many things that old age now tells me were very naughty, while it makes me sigh that I shall never perform them again.

But how could I refuse such a request? I had not heard of Lumley for more than forty years, and to be so affectionately reminded of the follies we had committed together. Follies!—what vile translations are made by old age—and these same follies, the very things which, by the alchymy of old companionship, had enriched me with virtues, that made him anxious I should superintend the education—rather let me say, the follies! of his only son.

Accordingly next morning, immediately after breakfast, I went to Mrs. Lesley's lodgings. She lived in a fourth flat in George's-street, but I was so buoyant with the hope of seeing a renewed, and, as I was led to believe, an improved version of Lumley, that I felt neither gout nor age in ascending. On reaching the door, however, I was rather startled to observe, not that it was newly painted, one of the common lures of the season, but that the brass plate with the name was new, and seemingly fresh from the engraver.

I halted on the stairhead, and looking at the plate before ringing the bell, said to myself, "I do not like this—a new comer—inexperienced—short

commons, garnished with tales of better days—won't do"—and with a slight degree of fervency, the natural excitement of the ideas which the brass had conjured up, I somewhat testily touched the bell.

It was too long I thought of being answered; and I caught myself saying, "slatternly wench," as I again laid my finger on the spring.

While the bell was sounding the second summons, the door was opened, not, as I expected, by a sooty besmeared drab, with dishevelled locks and a hearth-brush in her hand, looking from behind the door as if she expected a thief, but by a little girl of some six or seven years old—the loveliest creature I have ever seen, dressed with the most perfect simplicity, and her ringlets clustering all over her head, in curls as small, pretty, and natural, as the wool-buds of the fleece of the lamb.

"Is Mr. Edward Lumley at home, my dear?" said I, patting her instinctively on the head with, I know not wherefore, a sentiment of pity, as my eye accidentally fell again on the ugly new brass plate with her mother's name.

"I don't know, but please to walk into the parlour, and I will inquire," was the answer, delivered with an engaging, modest, self-possession, and with an English accent, that seemed, if I may say so, appropriately in unison with the beauty and gentleness of the lovely fairy's air and appearance.

I accordingly followed her into the parlour, which I saw was newly furnished. The carpet was new—the chairs were new, but the tables were evidently second hand, so was the grate and its appurtenances, even to the hearth-rug. Every thing was perfectly suitable to the style of the room, except a few ornaments on the mantle-piece, consisting of neat toys, made of paper, ingeniously painted. They had more the character of ornaments for the mosaic tables of a boudoir, than for the chimney-shelf of a boarding-house parlour; an old squat spoutless china tea-pot, with a cup or two, odiously reminding one of senna, would have been more appropriate; but I thought of the pretty creature that had gone to inquire for young Lumley, and I said to myself, thinking no more of his comforts, but only of the family, "They are beginners, and will learn before the winter is over to dispense with these gewgaws." At that moment a cold fit came upon me; I thought of the blooming child, and I looked again at those tasteful ornaments.

"I hope in God," said I, "that she has no sister capable of making and painting such things. This house will never do, if Edmund has much of his father in him."

While I was thus relapsing into the peevish humour in which I had first touched the bell, the parlour door was opened by a tall and elegant gentlewoman, in the weeds of a widow. It was Mrs. Lesley; she was about five-and-thirty, probably not so old; but no one, seeing her, for the first time, would ever have thought of her age, there was so much of an ever-green spirit in the liveliness of her look, and the beautiful intelligence of her eye—what she said about Edmund I do not recollect, nor do I believe that I heard it, so much was I entranced by the appearance of such a lady in a condition so humble.

I imagine that she saw my embarrassment, for she requested me to be seated, and again said something about her boarder, adding, with an apparent equanimity that was exceedingly touching, "He has gone to bring a friend here, who arrived from Westmoreland last night; for as yet I have got but himself."

"Is it possible?" said I, not well knowing what I said.

"I am sorry it is true," replied she with a smile; but there was a despondency in the tone that ill-accorded with the gaiety of the look, and she added, seriously, "I must, however, try a little longer. If Mr. Lumley brings his friend, perhaps his friend may bring another. It is in that way I expect to succeed, for I have no friends to recommend me."

"Good heavens, madam!" exclaimed I, no longer able to suppress the emotion with which I was affected, "how is it that you are in this condition?—how have you come here, and without friends? Who are you?—what are you?"

The latter questions were impertinent, certainly, but the feeling which dictated them, lent, I presume, so fitting an accent to their earnestness, that they neither gave offence, nor implied any thing derogatory to the elegant and unfortunate widow to whom they were addressed.

"I am not surprised at your wonder," said she, "for I do sometimes think myself that I am not very properly at home here. But what can a friendless woman do? without fortune, and with children that——"

She could say no more—the tears rushed into her eyes—and emotion stifled what she would have added.

After a brief pause, I mustered confidence enough to address her again. "I entreat your pardon, madam, and I hope you will not think me impertinent for saying, that your appearance, and the business in which you have embarked, are so sadly at variance, that I should account myself wanting in the performance of a grave duty, if I did not ask for some explanation."

"It is natural you should," said she, wiping the tear from her cheek; "and two words will satisfy you—'pride and poverty.' Pride has brought me to Edinburgh, because I am here unknown, and poverty has induced me to try this mode of"—her voice struggled, but she soon subdued the emotion, and added, "for my children. I have four—two boys older, and one girl younger, than my little house-maid."

"House-maid!" said I, almost with the alarm of consternation.

She smiled again, but it was such a smile that tears were inadequate to express the sadness of heart which it betokened. "It is even so," said she, "for, until I obtain another boarder, I cannot venture to engage a regular servant. The little money which I raised by the sale of my trinkets is all I have, and the purchase of these few necessities (glancing her eye round the room) has made, I assure you, no small inroad on it."

"Heavens! madam—and if you do not get boarders, and it run out, what is to become of you?" was my silly exclamation, being by this time quite beside myself.

She looked at me for some time. She evidently struggled with a terrible feeling; but she conquered it, and said, with a common, easy, conversational tone, which her eye, however, made sublimely awful. "You should not ask such a question of one in my circumstances."

The bell, at this juncture, was rung, and in a minute or so afterwards young Lumley entered, with disappointment and grief so visible in his countenance, that I felt as if my own heart was absolutely perishing away. *****

ORIGINAL MORAL TALES.

"Sincerity,
"Thou first of virtues! let no mortal leave
"The narrow path, although the earth should gape,
"And from the gulf of hell destruction cry,
"To take dissimulation's winding ways."

IMOGINE, OR THE HISTORY OF A COQUETTE.

CHAPTER I.

"The death-bell thrice was heard to ring,
"An aerial voice was heard to call;
"And thrice the raven flapped his wing,
"Around the towers of Cumoor-hall."

"I WILL be obeyed, daughter; George shall accompany you to the ball to-night."

"And if he does"—Imagine bit her lip, and the sentence remained unfinished.

"Well, miss, and if he *does*—you will, I trust, not wound his feelings with any more of your coquetry."

"I am no coquette, mother—I hate George, and if he was a man of honour and possessed of more reflection, he would cease to visit where I am sure he is not welcome."

"But he *is* welcome, Imagine, wherever I am. Any person, endowed with half of his good qualities, I am always proud to entertain. He is my friend, and your most ardent admirer. No man, believe me, child, has ever loved you so sincerely. You know his heart is entirely devoted to you, and that he is worthy of the esteem and affection of the most amiable woman in our land."

"Mother, do stop; if you don't wish to give me a fever, say no more about George. He is my aversion—I never did—do not now, nor ever will I love him. My ambition soars far above his sphere, I can assure you."

"Why then did you make a voluntary engagement for him to attend you to the ball this evening, when you never intended to keep your word?"

"To punish him for his presumption—how dare he aspire to the honour of my hand? Why, mother, he even had the impertinence to kneel to me, and, like a simpering child, with tears in his eyes, protested he would be mine for ever! and he said, forsooth, he would shelter and protect me even till death. I'll let him know I want no protection, and least of all *his*. I can protect myself."

"And what answer did you make him?"

"What answer? I made him no answer—but laughing in his face, I left the parlour."

"And left him kneeling?"

"Even so."

"You did very wrong then, Imagine—do you think George loves you?"

"I know he does."

"And for that you dislike him?"

"For that, I *hate* him."

"Have you no other objection to him?"

"None, under heaven, more than that I hate him—isn't that enough?"

"Misguided girl!—you hate an amiable youth, because he loves you. Girls at your age, Imagine, know not what they do. They too often scoff at sincerity, and welcome the addresses of those

whose hearts are as hollow as their heads. That woman who can deliberately insult the feelings of a man of sensibility, when she knows that his happiness is in her possession, will discover, when too late, that she has acted the part of a hypocrite, and may expect the punishment that never fails to overtake the unworthy. If you disliked George, you should have told him so, and although the struggle would have been hard, his nice sense of honour would have compelled him to abandon a suit, which he would then have known, if cherished, would only end in his unhappiness. But you have suffered him to indulge the hope of obtaining your affections, to deceive and destroy his peace of mind for ever. I shall now leave you to your own reflections, and heaven grant that your meditations may be productive of good."

Mrs. Edgar left the apartment with feelings, which none but a mother can experience, when she plainly perceives her child is pursuing a thorny path which leads directly to the door of dishonour.

The only effect that her words had upon the inconstant heart of her daughter was to cause a tear to glisten in her eye for a moment, and then disappear. Her mind was fixed, and she was determined not to allow George to attend her.

Evening came, and a most delightful one it was. Imagine was dressed for the ball—she stood at the front portal, and a splendid carriage drove up. In a moment the coach door was opened by the footman, and Sidney Ledgwick, Esq. descended its steps—the fair hand of Imagine was extended to him, he handed her in, and Mrs. Edgar, who had been employed in another room, not suspecting that her daughter could be guilty of disobeying her most imperative orders, arrived just in time to see Mr. Sedgwick's carriage roll away with its ungrateful burden.

She returned to her room and wept.

The vehicle had scarcely disappeared when George entered the apartment. He was attired in his ball dress, and he never became it better—his cheek was flushed with the anticipated pleasure of Miss Edgar's company—and his heart bounded lightly within his bosom—his lip smiled when he inquired for her, and his soul, purer far than the crystal vase, and of more sterling value than the mines of Peru, beamed in his eye—but when Mrs. Edgar informed him of what had happened, his face became pale, and he hung his manly head in disappointment.

The mother saw his agitation and endeavoured to calm the sorrow that was raging in his heart, but the balm that alone could heal his wounds no hand but that of Imagine could administer—all other physicians were unskilled in his disease.

He excused himself, and politely withdrew, mortified and disheartened.

At a late hour he was seated in the assembly-room, among the numerous spectators who did not dance, and though his tongue was exercised in conversation with an amiable young lady who was near him, yet his dejected manner testified that his heart did not partake of the luxury of intercourse.

At the end of a cotillion, Imagine, carelessly lean-

ing on the arm of Mr. Sedgwick, approached him. He almost choked with agitation, and turned his head away in agony—with a smile they passed on, and the stream of happy beings, who were promenading, for a moment bore them from his aching sight.

George retired—but who shall paint the misery he endured that night? He went to bed, but balmy sleep, "nature's sweet restorer," did not visit his eye-lids. In agony he rolled from side to side—his heart was bursting, and it was not until tears came to his relief, that his mind settled down into that calm serene despair, which none but those who have felt the most acute sensations of our nature, can imagine.

A month passed away, and George had not been at the house of Mrs. Edgar.

One afternoon, while indulging in a walk, pale, emaciated, and almost broken-hearted, he met Imagine—she was alone, and he ventured to speak to her.

Her manner was careless and free, as though nothing had happened—and she expressed her surprise that he had not been to see her.

"Can you ask me that, madam," said George, "after what has happened?"

"Oh come, we should forget and forgive. Accompany me home, and let's talk of any thing else—you know one must not always be tied to a friend like a label around a medicine vial"—and she took his arm with so much affection that George forgot all his injuries, and his palid countenance was once more lighted with the sunshine of a smile.

Their walk was not long—and they soon entered the mansion of Mrs. Edgar—but George started with surprise when Imagine introduced him to five or six young gentlemen, who were seated in the parlour awaiting her arrival. He shook the hand of each—but he trembled when his eye rested upon the well-known face of Sedgwick. There was something in that man he despised, but he had never lisped, even to the winds, his aversion.

He remained an hour, and was not a little disconcerted when he observed the idol of his heart, the being whom, of all others, he loved most devoutly, free in conversation with every individual but himself. It seemed as though he had been led thither but to witness Miss Imagine's success in accumulating admirers.

He could not—he felt he could not, longer remain—he thought if he gazed further on the scene he should go mad—so taking his hat he withdrew, followed by Imagine and Sedgwick.

Imagine gave him her hand, and he pressed it to his lips—a single "Farewell" was all he uttered, and then, with a look that would have melted any heart but her's, he took his departure—for ever!

He had not proceeded far when he was overtaken by Sedgwick.

"Poor dotard," said he to George, with a sneer, "upon my soul I pity you—why what a contemptible milksop you are."

"Villain!" said George, catching him by the throat, and dashing him to the earth, "you have awakened my manhood, and I thank you."

Immediately a crowd assembled, and George having unloosed his hold, departed unmolested.

The next morning at day-break a boat, containing four or five gentlemen, was seen to cross the Hudson—a duel was said to have taken place—Sedgwick was at the house of Mrs. Edgar in the course of the day, but George was not to be found.

Among the many admirers of Miss Imogene was a Spanish gentleman who had amassed an immense fortune in his native country. He sued for and obtained her consent to become his wife—the day for the celebration of the wedding had arrived—the guests were all assembled, and the pious messenger of God was about to unite their hands, when a loud knock at the door interrupted the ceremony. The minister paused to inquire the reason of this unmannerly intrusion, when Sedgwick entered, and in a voice that went like a bolt of ice through the veins of the whole company, he screamed out,

“I forbid the bans!”

The bridegroom started with astonishment.

“While you read this letter,” said Sedgwick, presenting him with a sealed packet, “if Miss Imogene will withdraw awhile with me, I will explain to her ear the causes why it has been written.”

The Spaniard received the letter, and Imogene fainted in the arms of Sedgwick, and was conveyed, as they all supposed, into an adjoining room.

Astonishment had rivetted every person to the spot, and curiosity to know what the letter contained was soon satisfied, when the bridegroom read the whole account of the preceding circumstances, which, until that moment, had been kept a profound secret from him.

The first flash that gleamed from his fiery eye was revenge. Bewildered, he looked about him, and then addressed Mrs. Edgar, who was supported by the arms of the minister.

“Did you, madam, know of your daughter’s crimes?”

“I did,” sobbed the distracted mother, “but was prevailed upon not to communicate them to you.”

“Woman!” thundered the Spaniard, “you are old, and not much to blame; but as for your daughter, I’ll tear her all to atoms. I have been insulted and abused, and her blood must smoke upon the altar of my injuries.”

So saying, he sprang forward; but the strong arm of manhood arrested his progress.

After a severe struggle, he broke from them, and rushed into the next room. Mrs. Edgar, supposing her daughter would be murdered, tottered from the protection of the kind clergyman, and fell dead upon the floor.

Imogene was not to be found. She was gone—and gone with Sedgwick! All research to discover her retreat, or the means by which she had departed, proved ineffectual, and the blood-thirsty Spaniard, fearful of the laws of the country, and knowing of Mrs. Edgar’s decease, immediately departed for Europe, where, after the lapse of a few years, he fell a victim to his own rash propensities, ending his days in the gloomy walls of a prison.

Mrs. Edgar was the mother of but one child, through whose disobedience her life had been embittered, and her gray hairs brought down in sorrow to the grave. She had, indeed, felt

“How sharper than a serpent’s tooth it is
To have a thankless child!”

Master Fred was then sent to Westminster School; and he gives a strange account of the seminaries in those days: we hope they are better now! But we must set out with the exordium.

Initiation at Westminster School

'In my youthful days, the feature of the times was love of fun and eccentricity, which, ridiculous as it may appear, died when the powder-laz commenced. Character and dress go hand in hand, and whilst the gay decorated head, marking the difference between lord and groom, lady and housemaid, gave a cheerful tone to society; the present republican crop system not only levels all personal distinction of rank, but, casting a sort of presbyterian gloom, makes us confess, that though now, perhaps, more "moral" we might once have been more "entertaining." Probably, I mistake effects for causes, and the dullness in the cause of the crop, not the crop of the dullness; but, kind reader, bear with the whims of an old soldier. On my entrance at Mac Farlane's, my dress having by its simplicity failed to impress due notions of my consequence on the minds of my school-fellows, I prevailed on my mother (unknown to my father and brothers) to equip me now in one of more fashion and splendour. She, however, being unwell, deputed the superintendence of the whole arrangements to my thrifty nurse, who, with many a struggle between her affection for me and her reverence for the yellow god, after various manoeuvres at length completed, entirely to her own satisfaction, a smart, pleasing suit. I also, at first, considered myself strikingly fashionable: but at length, some doubts passing through my mind, I threw over the whole a rough Bath great-coat. Thus arrayed on the evening of the 10th of October, every sail set, and every colour flying, I was launched, and started for Jones's Boarding House, in Dean's Yard; the mistress of which had assured my mother she would pay me every care and attention. However, to illustrate the proverb, "store is no store," and as an additional protection against the attacks of adversity, I was armed by my brother Richard (who had just quitted Westminster) with letters of recommendation, to the care and kindness of Lord Buckinghamshire, and another great boy. Confident of success, I expected a reception of the warmest description. My expectations were realised; my reception was hot indeed! On my entrance into the common room, I found a vast number of boys engaged in a violent theatrical contest, concerning the allotment of parts in a farce they purposed to perform. One party insisted on *Love a la Mode*, whilst the other objected, because there was no Jew in the company. Pleased and unobserved, I stood listening, until suddenly catching their eyes with a loud halloo, and a cry of "New boy! new boy!" they surrounded and seized me. Then, mounting me on the table, they all at once exclaimed, "Which of us will you fight?"—I, supposing they jested, replied, "Any of you."—"Oh, oh! you will, will you?" cried a little tyger-faced brat about my own size; "then here goes!"—Off went his coat in an instant; and not so mine. I hesitated, hesitated, and begged every body's pardon—in vain. Regardless of my entreaties, they proceeded to extremities, and stripping me of my Bath suit, discovered, to their infinite surprise and amusement, a seal coat. Apparently turned; a spangled satin waistcoat, an evident reduction of one that had been worn by my father when under-sheriff; white cotton hose; large plated buckles, fashioned in the previous century; and a pair of large black silk stockings, transmitted by my nurse's patience into breeches, with the clocks standing eminently perspicuous on the centre of the little flap. The effect was instantaneous. I and the costume was hailed with universal applause as the original Beau Morderai, and *Love a la Mode* was triumphantly ordered into immediate rehearsal. "Thus bad begins; but worse remains behind." Feeling that this ordeal must be nothing to that of the entry into school, I hoped "to screw my courage to the sticking place" by a night of repose. But the bed-room scene surpassed even German horrors. After enduring an inundation of ink from every squirt in the room, till I and my fine clothes were of an universal blackness;—after performing various aerial evolutions in my ascent from a blanket managed by some dozen pairs of hands, sensible of fatigue in the perpetration of mischief;—and after suffering the several tortures of every remaining species of manual wit, I was at length permitted to crawl into my bed. There I lay, comforting myself with the assurance that torture had done its worst, till I gradually sobbed myself into a sound sleep. Scarcely, however, had the deep tones of the Abbey bell, tolling the awful hour of midnight, awakened me, when I was alarmed by the loud screams of several of the younger boys. Starting up in a paroxysm of terror, I saw, at the foot of the bed, a horrid spectre bearing a large cross, on which was written, in flaming characters, "*Think on tomorrow*." I gazed till, stupified by fear, I mechanically closed my eyes, and hid myself under the bed-clothes. But the spectre drawing them aside, and pointing to the burning letters, thrice shook its solemn head, and then vanished; leaving me in a *doldrum* of terror, which slowly but gradually subsiding, restored me at length both my mental and corporeal faculties. The first I amply employed in reflections on the awful warning that so plainly proclaimed the moment of my entrance into the school would prove that of my departure from the world, and the latter, at the instigation of the former, in robs and kicks till dawn. Then I slyly arose, dressed myself, stole down stairs, opened the street door, and seeing a porter approach, stopped him, and tearing off the back of a ledger, wrote upon it the following pathetic appeal to maternal love:

"My dear, dear mother, if you don't let me come home I die—I am all over ink, and my fine clothes have been spoilt—I have been toiled in a blanket and seen a ghost

"I remain, my dear, dear mother,

"Your dutiful and most unhappy son.

"FREDDY.

"P. S. Remember me to my father."

A short sojourn at home was the result, and a return in more eligible trim to school, where our hero soon distinguished himself by his ready wit and sharpness. *Ex gr.*

Whether from being compelled to devote daily some hours to scanning and the recitation of Latin verses, or whether from a sort of contagion arising from the *Indian Seal*, I cannot say, but like Jack, about this period I began to conceive that I was blessed with the true poetic inspiration. My first attempts were confined to the boarding house, but my fame so rapidly increased, that one morning I was stopped on my entry into school by the Mimos, who desired me, at the command of the four head boys, to give him by the evening half a dozen lines on Hayes, the second usher. I never was in greater terror. Here was a slogging from the master, or a drubbing from the boys. However, as I knew the will of the latter was law, I prepared to obey them. How to commence was then the difficulty, for I knew nothing of my subject but that he was nick-named Buck Hayes, and had gained by his poetry several prizes, at either Oxford or Cambridge. On these scanty data, therefore, I proceeded, and with tears in my eyes delivered to my commanders the following lines:—

"Hayes affects to be knowing,
Because he wrote a very odd poem,
And because he had the luck
To win the prizes, he affects the buck—
But if you'd rise in either school or church,
Catch not at laurel, Hayes, but stick to birch!"

'For these absurdities, birch had nearly caught me in reality, for my commanders, from mischief, shewed them to Hayes himself. He, in course, reported me to Dr. Vincent, who called for a rod, and pre-

pared to realize instantly all my worst forebodings; but suddenly relenting, he gravely said, "boy, boy, you are the Merry Andrew of the school;" and then ordered me to learn treble the usual number of Latin verses by the following morning. Still this event did not in the least damp my exuberance; for shortly after Dr Smith, the head master, giving as a thesis of Latin epigrams the following line from Virgil—

"Nescia mens hominum fatis, sortisque futurae;"

I conceitedly chose to compose it in English, and wrote, in allusion to the then recent defeat, at Saratoga, of General Burgoyne by General Gates, the following distich:—

"Burgoyne, alas! unseeing future fates,
Could cut his way through woods—but not through GATES."

The doctor, as a token of approbation, gave me a silver twopence, for which, according to custom, old Jones, master of the boarding-house, presented me with four shillings. Thus was my course through life marked out for me, for, from that moment, I resolved that there was no profession so easy and productive as that of a poet. The next thesis was,

"Te ducit species."

'Here again I purposed to cut a figure; but was eclipsed by another boy, who recited to the doctor the following whimsical distich and gained the prize:—

"Perhaps by you my buckles are as silver rated;
Te ducit species—they are only plated"

'As an eccentric actor once concluded a somewhat personal story, saying "I will not mention the gentleman's name, because he is now Chancellor of the Exchequer,"—so will not I mention the name of this clever Westminster boy who wrote this lively couplet, because he is now Chief Justice of Chester."

Of the night when Garrick bade farewell to the stage, the following is the account:

'My brother Jack and I, after waiting two hours, succeeded at length in entering the pit. But the commencement of the evening was somewhat unfortunate to my brother, who, during the struggle in the pit passage, not only had his watch stolen, but so completely lost his temper, that on the detection of the thief, who immediately offered to restore the property, Jack, instead of receiving it, with all the fury of an enraged young lawyer, determined to have the stolen goods found on him. Accordingly he seized him, and shouted for police officers—in vain; the crowd involuntarily prevented a possibility of their interference. In this dilemma, Jack's rage not abating, he continued to drag forward the culprit, till they arrived at the paying place. Here came the 'tag of war' for the rush and pressure allowing no delay, the money-taker vociferously demanded the cash, when the sharp having none, the flat had no alternative but to pay for him. Made more desperate by this additional loss, Jack now dragged the thief into the pit, and again called loudly for police officers, who at length came, though somewhat late; for, owing to the increased confusion, the bird had at length broken from Jack, and flown!—not only with the watch, but as at that time money was returned on crowded nights, probably with the three shillings into the bargain. Thus Jack, not content with having his pocket picked, picked his own pocket. The riot and struggle for places can scarcely be imagined, even from the above anecdote. Though a side box close to where we sat was completely filled, we beheld the door burst open, and an Irish gentleman attempt to make entry *vi et armis*—"shut the door, box-keeper!" loudly cried some of the party—"There's room, by the powers!" cried the Irishman, and persisted in advancing. On this, a gentleman in the second row rose, and exclaimed "turn out the blackguard!" "Oh, and is that your mode, honey?" coolly retorted the Irishman; "come, come out, my dear, and give me satisfaction, or I'll pull your nose, faith, you coward, and shillaly you through the lobby!" This public insult, left the tenant in possession no alternative, so he rushed out to accept the challenge, when, to the pit's general amusement, the Irishman passed into his place, and having deliberately seated and adjusted himself, he turned round and cried, "I'll talk to you after the play is over."

AMUSING ANECDOTES.

Life and Times of Frederick Reynolds. 8vo. 2 vols. London, 1826 Colburn.

FREDERICK REYNOLDS was the fourth and youngest son of Mr Reynolds an eminent solicitor, who numbered Lord Chatham and Wilkes among his clients. His mother's name was West, and he was sent into this breathing world on the 1st of November, 1764; though not like Richard, 'half made up,' for he seems to have been, from the egg, a merry and clever fellow, as child, boy, man.

Wilkes was one of their [the family's] most frequent visitors:—'Wilkes was then, certainly, one of the most popular men in England, and consequently had an easy part to play in the drama of life. The slightest condescensions from him, were esteemed by us boys as adequate to continued services from another, and to even his most sarcastic remarks we should not have ventured a reply. But his jokes were naturally so good-humoured, and so artfully veiled from their object, that while he almost convulsed others with laughter, he completely won the heart of the author of the *Indian Scalp*.' As for me, I believe on his departure I must have sunk under 'a green and yellow melancholy,' had not his daughter, on whom he doted, and with whom he constantly corresponded, remained. This young lady had in her possession several entertaining *jeux d'esprit* and memoranda of her father. Among them I recollect the following:—Dr. Johnson, in the principles of etymology prefixed to his dictionary asserts, that '*h* seldom, perhaps never, begins any but the first syllable.'—Shortly after the publication of this novel orthographical doctrine, Wilkes sent the doctor this ingenious and amusing badinage:—'*The philosopher who so rightly made this remark must have been a phibologist with a choice, thoughtful and comprehensive genius, and a mind in her fully apprehensive and pit-ty.*'—The abashed lexicographer for many years neither forgot nor forgave this playful attack.

Dr. Johnson, it seems, was also annoyed by the ardent literary ambition of the author of the *Indian Scalp*. It is stated:—

'Pope says of Dryden, "*Vigilum tantum vidi*;" so I may say of Dr. Johnson. One morning, shortly after our return, he called on my father concerning some law business, and was ushered into the drawing room, where I and my three brothers, eager to see, and still more eager to say we had seen, the leviathan of literature, soon followed. All were, or affected to appear, struck with awe, except my brother Jack, who having just published his *Indian Scalp*, was most anxious to elicit the doctor's opinion. Accordingly, he seated himself close to him, and began:—'*Any news in the literary world, sir?*'—"Sir!" cried the doctor. "*Any thing new, doctor, I say, in the literary world?*" continued the unhesitating poet. "*Young man, talk to me of Ranelagh and Vauxhall, of what you may understand, but not a word on literature.*" We all smiled aside; but the author was omnipotent in Jack's mind, and scarcely ruffled he returned to the charge. "*Have you heard of a new poem, sir?*"—(No answer.) A new poem, sir? A new poem, sir, called (with rising confusion) called—the *Indian Scalp*—rather—I believe, (confusion increasing,) I believe it is tolerably—well spoken of. You don't know who wrote it, doctor?"—"No, but I do," cried I, eagerly seizing the opportunity of making myself conspicuous in my turn; "don't I, Jack? Indeed, sir, he awakened me so many nights, and taught me so many verses, that if you like I can repeat you almost the whole poem, sir, with the same rapidity and facility with which he wrote it." "*Facilis descensus Avernus*," muttered the doctor, and then added in an authoritative tone, "ring the bell, one of you, ring the bell;" and the servant was ordered to summon my father, on whose appearance the doctor formally arose, and said—"When next I call here, sir, shew me where there is civilisation—not into your menagerie." Almost immediately afterwards he left us; Jack and I muttering as he departed, "What a brute." The conclusion of this memorable day is too characteristic of the family to be omitted in this description. About seven in the evening my father's carriage drove to the door empty. My mother, expressing surprise, sent for the coachman, and asked him who had ordered it. "Master Frederic, ma'am!"—"Frederic, who gave you permission to order the carriage?"—"Myself," I replied pertly; "I intend to go to Ranelagh this evening." I need not mention the storm that ensued. This was the first serious rebuff I had encountered in my characters of pet and pest.

'This was a juvenile poem by an elder brother of the writer's, of the composition of which he gives a ludicrous account; and here alludes to a jest of Wilkes on being consulted with by the young author

THE REPOSITORY.

" Avoid temptation—and disdain the bowl."

JOE STAPLES—A FRAGMENT.

***** " And who lives here ?" said I to my communicative guide. " This," he replied, " is the grave of one whom nothing could overcome but his own excessive feeling ; I knew him well. To a heart warm and true, he united the most lofty sense of honour—an universal share of moral courage—together with the tenderest sensibility of any man I ever knew. Shall I say that Joe was my friend ? He knew not friendship as the world despises it ; had he a personal attachment, it was ardent as the fire of heaven. That common-place feeling termed friendship, which, like the miser's definition of charity, ' always begins at home,' never occupied a niche in the warm recesses of his heart ; but the period of boyhood had scarcely passed before Joe found that his were not the feelings of the world. His perceptions required not an age of experience to corroborate them ; and, before manhood had fairly established its authority, he, collected within himself, stood an indifferent and impervious mark for the missiles of envy, malice, and common-place friendship—all, in his view, ' one and indivisible'—*****

Joe was a man, and the fascinations of female grace and beauty passed in review before him. He had a heart most eminently formed for the acknowledgment of feminine attractions—but he paused, and a moment's reflection convinced him that woman, as she came from the hand of her God, and woman as he saw her, perverted by custom and art, were very different beings ; and that art, in this instance, had spoiled what nature had made perfect ; it was sufficient, and he gave not another thought to the subject.

Joe's patrimony was slender ; business of some kind was necessary to enable him to support his independence—all that he valued, and all for which he would deign to exert himself. He entered into trade, at first with disgust ; but the necessity of success created an anxiety to be successful, which brought with it a gratified feeling ; a something like pleasure shone upon his soul. He now became anxious for a continuance of the cause of his gratification, and this anxiety was the rock upon which he split. A little variation of prosperity was observed to leave upon his face the impression of ' corroding care ;' this was imputed by his officious advisers to his lonely situation, and it was repeatedly hinted by the *old* and *wise*, that he ' ought to marry ;' ' constant dropping wears the stone'—and the unceasing repetitions of the same opinion, made at last an unwilling convert of Joe himself.

Notwithstanding the little trouble he gave himself, the selection of his choice was highly approved of, and Joe was pronounced ' a happy man ;' and so indeed he thought himself for a few fleeting months ; but the every day-spirits of the world were not formed to reciprocate feelings like his ; and without reciprocity, society was to him a cup of wormwood. Joe could bear with the faults of frail humanity in others ; and as precept, not his own intelligence, had led him to expect sympathy in the bosom of domestic love, he claimed a return of forbearance, and found it not*****

Not long after this, at his invitation, we sat down by ourselves, over a bottle, and as Joe held the first glass untasted in his hand, with his frenzied eye almost starting from its socket, he addressed me:—" Say not over my grave that my disposition hurried me into habits of intemperance—say not that an innate thirst for this vicious beverage

prostrated the man, and laid his faculties in the dust—I detest alike the cup, and its hellish consequences—but life I much more detest.”*****

Within a few short months I closed the youthful eyes of the now mouldering tenant of this grave !

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LOVE AND GRATITUDE.

The Odd Volume. 12mo. pp. 375 Edinburgh. D. Lizars; Glasgow, T. Ogilvie; and London, G. B. Whittaker.

These tales are of various kinds, and also of qualities; several very good, several of less observable merit, and several which, though well told and entertaining in the narrative, rather disappoint you by lame and impotent conclusions. Emily Butler—a domestic incident of considerable interest—is followed by the *Mysterious Invalid*, from *La Motte Foque*, and that again by *Number-Nip*, a more ancient German legend: shorter pieces succeed, of faery humour and pathos; the best of the familiar being, in our opinion, the *Miller of Doune*; though *Dodinus Doolittle* is likewise amusing, if it 'made a good end on't' which it does not. Of the melancholy relations, we prefer the *Widow's Nuptials*, and from it shall take our illustration.

Wilhelm and Isabella are a happy and 'matchless pair,' blessed in union, and with one sweet boy to augment the measure of their love. Unhappily, Count Ruprecht, a cherished friend of both, is unable to resist a wild and overwhelming passion for Isabella. He struggles most strenuously against the dominion of the resistless tyrant; and another friend, Count Berthold, (aware of his state of mind,) steps in to rescue him from the danger in which his ill placed love had involved him and the object of his too ardent affection. By the overturning of the carriage in which Ruprecht and Berthold are leaving the abode of Wilhelm, the former is dreadfully hurt; and, during his illness, confesses his secret to the wife of his friend, and the watchful nurse and soother of his own sick bed. Offended and distressed she commands him to see her no more; and Berthold carries him away on travels for two years, in the hope that he will forget his fatal passion. Isabella is thus left to peace, and to the society of a husband to whom her entire soul is devoted: a year has elapsed, and the story proceeds:—

'In the splendid theatre at Milan, Count Ruprecht heard intelligence which put his soul in tumults. A countryman whom he met there, and who was not aware of the interest his tale excited, incidentally mentioned Isabella as the beautiful widow for whose hand all that was noble or estimable in her native town were contending. It was with extreme difficulty that Count Ruprecht could command himself to speak with any degree of calmness, and to listen with apparent composure to the circumstances the gentleman related; by which it appeared, that almost immediately after the friends had left Mannheim, Wilhelm also had been called away to the death-bed of an only and favourite sister, who resided in Italy; but there he never arrived. How he had perished was never ascertained, but too certainly he was lost to his family for ever. Isabella had now been a widow nearly a year, but her grief was unabated. She lived in total solitude, and devoted herself entirely to the care of her blooming boy. Almost stupified with this intelligence, it was with some difficulty that Count Ruprecht made his way to his friend, who was on the other side of the theatre. Count Berthold was surprised and alarmed at his agitated manner, but a motion from him, entreating silence, was attended to, and they instantly proceeded to their hotel. On reaching their apartment, Count Ruprecht pressed his friend in his arms, exclaiming, 'She is mine! she is mine!' 'Explain yourself, for Heaven's sake,' said his friend. 'She is free!—Isabella is mine!' A considerable time elapsed before Count Berthold could obtain any thing but broken exclamations of rapture; but at length he discovered the cause of all this extacy, and he heard it with mingled sensations. He felt deep regret for the untimely fate of Wilhelm, thus suddenly torn from life and happiness; and he could not reflect without a pang on the agonies of the attached wife, bereaved of him who was her best supporter and guide. These thoughts also saddened, momentarily, the mind of Count Ruprecht; but in spite of his better feelings, joy predominated, and he drew a vivid picture of the bliss he would feel when restored to the society of his beloved Isabella. Count Berthold had many misgivings on this subject. He knew intimately the steadiness of her character, and the strength of her affection for her husband, and he doubted much whether she could ever feel a second attachment. However, the attempt must be made, and, compassionating the impatience and anxiety of his friend, he hastened their arrangements, and by break of day they were travelling rapidly homewards. As they gradually approached their destination, the hopes of Count Ruprecht became less strong. All the fears and timidity attendant on a true passion assailed him, and he so magnified the virtues of Isabella, and his own unworthiness to possess such a treasure, that, by the time they reached Mannheim, he was in a state of despair. This was increased on finding that Isabella invariably denied access to every one—that their request to be permitted to pay their respects to her was refused, and with a gentle firmness which deprived them of every hope. The solicitations of Count Ruprecht, at first distantly respectful, gradually assumed the

force of ardent passion, the only effect of which was a command from Isabella not to disturb her sorrows and embitter her existence by an affection which she could not return, and to which she was resolved never to listen.

The devoted lover has now no enjoyment on earth but in nightly concealing himself in the garden of Isabella, and indulging in the secret delight of sometimes seeing her move and hearing her voice. His health was gradually declining, when at last accident befriended him: one night, the mansion of his adored mistress was suddenly involved in flames, and Ruprecht, at the risk of his own life, saves that of the son of Isabella—gratitude, consequently, obtains for him that sacrifice which no other feeling could prompt.

The meeting between Isabella and the Count was affecting in the extreme. Her lively gratitude was equalled only by his joy at having been the means of preserving to her the sole consolation of her widowed heart. Every caress which she bestowed on her boy imparted to him the purest satisfaction; for he felt that to him she was indebted for her happiness, and to promote the happiness of Isabella was a blessing he would have purchased with life itself. On examination, it was found that the arm which was broken was also dreadfully burnt. The good Dr Achenwahl looked very grave, ordered every application likely to give him relief, and remained with him. By night the fever rose to an alarming height, and the wounded arm resumed such an appearance as convinced the worthy doctor that amputation was necessary to save his life. This he communicated to Isabella and Count Berthold, and begged that the latter would prepare his friend to submit instantly to the operation. He was by no means sanguine that even this would save him, but it was his only chance for life, and he requested Count Berthold to hasten to him, while he made the necessary preparations. Count Berthold repaired to the apartment of his friend, leaving Isabella alone to indulge her grief. Her tears fell fast as she thought of what was likely to be the fate of the youthful and ardent Count, drawn on him by his love for her:—a passion which to him had produced only evil, and which would probably end in death! After a short absence, Count Berthold returned. In hurried accents, he told Isabella that his unhappy friend would not consent to the operation, and that he entreated to see her, while yet he was sensible to the blessing of her presence. Isabella hastened to him. At sight of his loved idol, his eyes, already lighted by fever, shone with a double brilliancy, and the paleness of his cheek gave way to a hectic glow. She approached him, and, gently taking his burning hand in hers, said, in a tremulous voice, 'Ah! Count, what is this I hear? you refuse to preserve your life. You wish, then, to pierce me with grief, to embitter my future days, to poison the happiness I feel at the preservation of my child, by the recollection that it was purchased by the life of a dear friend.' The count looked on her, but spoke not. Isabella covered her face with her hands, and wept bitterly.

At length she resumed her entreaties, but in a voice broken with sobs. 'Must I then implore you in vain? will you not deign to listen to my entreaties? ah, count, will you add to my afflictions?'—'Isabella,' replied the count, 'I feel that my last hour is fast approaching, and I hail it with joy. That I have loved you, you know; but how loved, your generous heart and mild nature cannot comprehend. Since I may not live for you, at least deny me not the happiness of dying for you.' The agitation of Isabella increased. She trembled, and endeavoured to speak, but the words died away on her pale lips. At length, by a violent effort, she subdued, in part, her emotion, and said, in faltering accents, 'No, count, you must not die—you must live for me'—and rushed from the apartment. But although Isabella deprived Count Ruprecht of her presence, she could not take from him the sweet hope which had sprung up in his heart. Life now became dear to him, and with unshrinking fortitude and an unaltered countenance, he submitted to the painful operation, and a few weeks saw him restored to tranquillity and strength. In proportion, however, as the health of the count improved, that of Isabella declined. Hers was a heart which could love but once. In yielding to the count, she made a sacrifice to gratitude, and that it was a sacrifice, her pale cheek and languid step but too plainly testified. With true generosity, however, she endeavored to conceal her extreme reluctance to their union, and did not oppose the preparations for the marriage, which, with all the ardour of a lover the count hurried on. Her obvious disposition she attributed to the agony she had so lately endured, and she even forced a faint smile when the count drew vivid pictures of the happiness which awaited them. The time fixed for their union was fast approaching, and yet, strange to say, the count was not happy. He was at times wildly gay, but these feelings were often succeeded by fits of gloomy abstraction, during which he shunned all converse, and burying himself in the neighbouring forests, he would spend days in its darkest recesses. Count Berthold at length drew from him his secret. He acknowledged he was unhappy—that the most gloomy forebodings filled his mind. He felt that he had erred—he knew that he had merited and would receive punishment—he feared to involve the innocent Isabella in his sufferings, and yet he could not resolve to resign her. He was haunted continually by a dread of some disaster, of some fatal event which would snatch her from him. The few days preceding that fixed for the marriage were passed by the count in indescribable misery; but on the morning of the nuptial day he had disappeared. Isabella, dreading every moment some fatal intelligence, sat the image of consternation—while Count Berthold, after despatching people in every direction, hurried to the forest, and in one of its most savage spots found the object of their search, in a state of mind bordering on distraction. His diseased imagination represented to him that the period of his punishment was now arrived, and that some fatal catastrophe was about to take place. With great difficulty did Count Berthold prevail on him to return to the house, where the joyful exclamation of Isabella on seeing him dissipated half his fears, and in another hour she was saluted a bride.

To lighten the too much excited feelings of all the parties, they agree to leave home for a while; and their journey towards Italy presents several scenes of picturesque interest.

'How glad I am,' said Isabella, as the party left Zurich, 'how glad I am to leave that dismal town. The gloomy stillness which reigns over it is quite appalling. The place appears once to have enjoyed some splendour, which is now gone for ever, the recollection of which must add pungency to its present desolation.' A deep sigh followed these words. 'Is it not possible,' said Colonel Ruprecht, 'that other sources of happiness may arise to replace those which have been lost?' 'You are right, my love,' replied Isabella, looking kindly on him, 'you are right. New blessings may be granted to the unhappy. It would be criminal in them to shut their hearts to every joy, because the idol they worshipped, perhaps too fondly, is taken from them. I feel this now, and you, perhaps, at no distant period may be doomed to feel it also.' 'Speak not thus, my Isabella, I implore you; oh, rack not my heart with such dismal forebodings! I know I have not deserved your love, yet I live only in the hope of seeing happiness beam again in these mild eyes.' 'Yes, yes,' replied Isabella, 'doubt not that I shall again smile gayly; but even while she spoke, her eyes filled with tears, and anxious to conceal her emotion, she complained of the bright sunshine, and drew her veil over her face, nor did she raise it until they reached their destination for the night, when, pleading fatigue, she immediately retired to her chamber. Depressed, in consequence of the foregoing

conversation, restless and unhappy, Count Ruprecht left the auberge, and wandered out alone. He was followed by Count Berthold, who found him stretched on the turf beneath a spreading oak, and gazing at the spangled firmament. 'What! not happy yet?' exclaimed Count Berthold; 'whence this dejection? How comes it, that, possessed as you now are of the blessing you so earnestly coveted, you are still desponding, still miserable?' 'Do not,' replied Count Ruprecht, 'imagine me insensible to my happiness. Ah! how far would that supposition be from the truth! No! Isabella is a thousand times more dear to me than ever. I live but in her presence, and would willingly shed my blood to spare her a single sigh; but the very excess of my attachment forms my misery. I feel as if I were about to lose her—an indistinct presentiment of evil continually haunts me. I never pass near a precipice, without dreading that she is to fall over it. I never contemplate a mountain-torrent, without fancying that I see her struggling against its violence. Nay, do not attempt to argue with me. I feel that this fatal journey is to consummate my misery, and remonstrance and consolation will be alike unavailing.' A kind request from Isabella, who now approached, that he would no longer expose himself to the night air, had more effect in removing Count Ruprecht's dejection, than all the endeavours of his friend; and in a more cheerful frame of mind he returned to the house.

A few days brought the travellers to the celebrated Convent of St. Bernard, and the tale thus concludes—

'A few paces from the convent, they were met by a lay-brother, who welcomed the weary travellers with mild courtesy. By him they were carried to the refectory, where they were received with warm hospitality by the venerable prior. Isabella could with difficulty persuade herself that she was really an inhabitant of that dwelling, which, like the ark of the deluge, is devoted to the preservation of human life. Several of the brotherhood now entered, and hastened to offer every assistance to the travellers. The night had closed in, and the flickering lamp, suspended from the roof of the apartment, threw a softened shade on the countenances of the benevolent monks, who basted themselves in heaping piles of wood on the hearth. One of the brotherhood took the sleeping Albert from the arms of his mother, and laid him gently on a pallet at his side, while a large dog stretched himself close by the child, as if to guard its slumbers. Refreshments were now placed before the travellers, and after they had partaken of them, the whole party arranged themselves round the blazing hearth. Although these benevolent men had long since left the busy scenes of life, they yet retained a lively interest in the transactions of the period, and they listened with eagerness to the information which their guests willingly imparted: in return, the prior gave them a brief account of the first founder of this noble establishment, its revenues, and many other particulars connected with the convent. The good prior's hearers became deeply interested, when he went on to describe their mode of life, and the perils they so frequently encountered, to save the adventurous traveller from destruction. 'One stormy evening in winter,' said he, 'as we were about to retire to rest we fancied that faint cries mingled with the howlings of the blast. The alarm was instantly given, the brotherhood assembled, and several of them, accompanied by myself and our faithful dogs rushed forth. But the cries had ceased, and no traces of the sufferers could be found. Suddenly one of the dogs bounded forward, howled fearfully, and began to dig the snow with his feet. We then knew that some human being lay buried. We hurried on, and, guided by the moans of the dog, soon arrived at the fatal spot. We set instantly to work. A moment lost might render unavailing all our efforts, and in breathless anxiety we removed the masses of snow. Nothing was to be seen, and we were about to discontinue our operations and leave the spot, when the dog redoubled his howlings and endeavoured again to tear up the snow. We persevered yet longer, and in a short time discovered the body of the unfortunate traveller. He was borne quickly into the convent, and a slight pulsation being perceptible, every means were used for his recovery. After a lapse of some hours, he opened his eyes, and gazed once around him. I supported him in my arms,—he looked up as if about to speak to me. His pale lips moved as if in prayer—'My wife, my child,' were the only words I caught, and turning his face from me, he breathed his last. Yes, he expired on that pallet on which the child is now reposing, and we lamented over him as if he had been our brother, for there was something in the expression of his noble countenance which won all our hearts.' 'Too surely,' said Isabella, 'too surely, the loss of the husband and father would be wept with bitter tears. Knew you from whence he came?' 'Of his name and country,' replied the prior, 'I am ignorant. There were no papers or letters on his person to afford any clue to his history. His guide we supposed to have also perished, for no trace of him has ever been discovered.' The great bell of the convent now tolled, and the venerable prior courteously intimating that it was time to retire, conducted his guests to their separate dormitories, and left them to their repose. On meeting her friends at the morning repast the pale countenance and heavy eyes of Isabella were instantly observed. 'Our keen mountain breezes have stolen the colour from your lady's cheek,' said the good prior. 'They have indeed robbed her of all her bloom,' replied Count Ruprecht; 'but I trust the warm gales of the south will restore it.' 'Yes, yes,' said Isabella, 'I am sure I shall soon be better.' 'You must rest here awhile,' rejoined the prior; 'your strength is evidently impaired by your long journey. But see, the sun has burst forth in glowing brilliancy. Follow me, and I shall shew you the wonders of this region.' Isabella, leaning on her husband's arm, and holding her son by the hand, followed the steps of the prior and Count Berthold, until they came to a building, through whose grated windows the mountain breeze rushed wildly. It was the mountain Receptacle of the Dead, where, by the chill purity of the atmosphere, are preserved, in undecaying freshness, the bodies of those unfortunate individuals who, from time to time, have been dug from amongst the snow. They entered, but started back with horror as their eyes fell on the ghastly countenances, ranged upright, side by side, in mournful silence. Features, forms, unchanged—the lips half-parted, they appeared like marble statues just bursting into life. 'Nay, fear not this silent company,' said the prior to Isabella, who, horror-struck, was turning to leave the scene. 'Look once on the subject of my tale last night. His calm smile still lingers there.' Isabella glanced around, and then a shriek, long and wild, broke from her ashy lips. The child quitted her hand, and running to the figure with outstretched arms, clasped its knees, crying out, 'Ah! why do you stay in this cold place, father, and not come home? Come away with us.' Isabella rushed forward, and the body, moved by Albert from its support bent towards her. She opened her arms, and wife, husband, and child, were hurled to the earth. Fixed, immovable as the dead around him, Count Ruprecht gazed on the scene. The prior and Count Berthold raised the unfortunate Isabella, who burst from their grasp, and throwing herself on her knees beside Wilhelm, she wildly kissed his marble forehead and icy lips; then clasping her arms around him, she cried out, 'Forgive me, dearest and only beloved, forgive me. I loved him not. No—no—never—it was gratitude alone—gratitude for the preservation of my child, whose dearest claim on my heart was, that he was your child also. Will you not forgive your Isabella? What! Not one little word?'—Then, as if from the depths of a broken heart, there came one long fearful cry; and the dead lay upon the dead.

MEMOIRS OF A BASHFUL IRISHMAN.

The Albion, A Journal of News, Politics and Literature (1822-1876); Jan 30, 1830; 8, 34;

American Periodicals

pg. 266

MEMOIRS OF A BASHFUL IRISHMAN.

I am of that numerous fraternity—an ill-used man. Not, however, by art, which has in some degree rectified my physical defects, but by nature, who, for reasons known only to herself, has thought fit to afflict me with an incurable bashfulness. This singular visitation has become a curse through life. It has stuck to me, like the admiration of Tyburn a bishop, through good and through evil report. Some folks have been ruined by their perverseness, others by their cunning; others by

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with his knuckle, 'till he made me roar again. After a few farther observations, in the course of which we discussed the state of the crops, of politics, the sub-letting act, and Protestant ascendancy, we returned into the patient's chamber, where the doctor wrote down a prescription, with the promise that its effects would be speedily visible.

And they were so. Early next morning, while the sun was yet faintly tipping the neighbouring hills with silver, the parish clerk awoke from a short and disordered sleep, inquired after his wife and family, gave them the paternal benediction, sunk back into torpor, slept with his fathers, and was not.

This very awkward finale, which would never have occurred had the invalid stuck courageously by his elixir, gave the *coup de grace* to my celebrity. Henceforth I began to be calumniated exactly in the same proportion that I had been praised. My elixir was pronounced a quackery, my abilities a humbug. Indeed, so strongly did the vile, capricious, fluctuating current of public opinion set in against me, that, whenever any one quitted Ballynabrogue for heaven, his neighbours would, one and all, declare that he had died by the visitation of the doctor. Even the sexton was once heard to assert, the whole population would become *subterranean*—a dull joke, but quite good enough for a grave-digger. Did I reply to such vulgar ribaldry? No: in the firm consciousness of worth, I preserved an indignant silence, until at length, driven to despair by the repeated attacks on my private, no less than on my public character, I one night turned my back on the village, leaving my respected wife behind me, as agent for the sale of my Elixir, and set out in a hurry for Dublin.

Arrived in the metropolis, I found it in an unusual state of excitement. The Catholic Association had set all parties on the *qui vive*. Here was a glorious field for ambition. A clear stage and no favour, was the motto of the papist assembly; and, in truth, I found it so; for scarcely had I opened my lips there, when, despite my very visible diffidence and embarrassment, I was received with three distinct rounds of applause. Such timely encouragement roused all the orator within me. The generous spirit of a Demosthenes swelled my bosom; Cicero banished Æsculapius; the patriot discredited the physician.

Still, even with such brilliant prospects before me, I was at times depressed and nervous. I could not but feel that my finances, like a lady's waist, were growing "small by degrees, and beautifully less," and that such diminution would, perforce, continue until it terminated in positive invisibility. I felt too, that eloquence, though it improves the patriotism, had but little effect on the pocket. In this dilemma I resolved to essay the law. When, however, I came to reflect on the preliminaries necessary to such legal distinction; on the absence of conscience, and the presence of cash, that it required; moreover when I considered that, without impudence, a lawyer is as "sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal," I felt, with a sigh, that the defects of nature were insuperable.

I have observed, that I was highly appreciated as an orator at the Catholic Association. This is strictly true, as also that my reputation reached even as far as Ballynabrogue, an unfortunate circumstance, inasmuch as it brought my wife to town before I was ready to receive her. Notwithstanding, our meeting, on the whole, was cordial, and would have been more so, had it taken place under happier auspices. But worn down with penury, though brimful of patriotism, no wonder I was a trifle less uxorious than, in the fond simplicity of her heart, my wife had been led to imagine.

It has been well said, when misfortune pops in at the door, love pops out at the window. This was precisely my case. The very day after Mrs. O'Blarney's arrival, when we were both sitting at breakfast, over a slice of cold ham with a facing of white fat, a couple of immense bailiffs broke in upon our meditations, at the very moment that, by a singular fatality, I broke out at the back window. Would the reader know the reason of this very disreputable intrusion? He shall have it in a word. But first I must go back a little in my narrative. On the tenth day of my arrival in Dublin, when my exchequer was in such a consumptive condition, that, according to the Horatian adage, I might safely sing before a footpad, I began seriously to meditate on the best method of restoring it to pecuniary convalescence. While thus abstracted, it suddenly occurred to me, that as the professorships of the London University yet remained to be filled up, I might possibly obtain one of them. No sooner did this idea cross my brain, than I wrote a long letter to Brougham, in which, after stating my intellectual capabilities, I proposed myself as a professor for whatever branch of knowledge he might feel inclined to appoint me to. I added, that though I did not object to teach mathematics, metaphysics, chemistry, moral philosophy, jurisprudence, political economy, sculpture, painting, oratory, languages, or even dancing, yet that my learning lay chiefly in the *belles lettres*, including, together with the ancient tongues, the literature of the middle ages and the nineteenth century. By return of post I received an answer to this application, in which, after complimenting me, in the most flattering terms, on my modesty, the illustrious statesman declined my services, on the plea that they would excite the envy of the London candidates. The letter concluded with the best wishes for my welfare, and was satisfactory in every respect, but that it cost eighteen-pence postage.

Well, this avenue to fortune closed, a variety of other plans suggested themselves, but none appearing so likely to lead to immediate results as an advertisement for a wife, I inserted one to that effect in two of the most widely circulated papers in Dublin. The upshot was just what I had anticipated. An infinite number of replies was sent to each office. Among the lot were two Chloes, half-a-dozen Anna-Bliars, a dozen and a half Bashful Maidens, three Fannys, and a widow. Of these, I selected only the last, and despatched an answer agreeably to the direction given, stating that at a certain hour, on a certain day, I should be at a certain place, anxiously awaiting the arrival of my fair unknown. Punctual as clock-work I was there, and had waited but ten minutes, when I perceived a lady, robust and somewhat elderly, advancing veiled towards me. In an instant I was by her side, and was just preparing to enter upon business, when she inopportunately raised her veil, and disclosed the countenance of my wife—of that wife (Mrs. O'Blarney, No. 1) whom, as my readers may recollect, I had left knocking down a fat footman, at Naples. Paralyzed with astonishment—remorse—affright—my tongue cleaved to the roof of my mouth—my knees knocked together—I stood rooted to earth, the personification of embarrassed bashfulness! "So stands the statue that enchants the world"—as I have often thought since.

In this state, I fell an easy prey to my wife, who taking a cowardly advantage of my helplessness, rained on me a torrent of abuse that quickly brought a crowd about us. Not satisfied with this revenge, she actually "showed fight," and was just preparing to tweak a memorandum on my nose with her finger-nails, when I luckily got scent of her intentions, and doubling behind an obese green-grocer in black, thrust him forward as a substitute, and fled with the speed of a hunted poet from the spot.

Late the next day arrived Mrs. G. Blarney, No. 2, and the day after that, the bailiffs, who, I regret to add, in the second week of my elopement from the window, caught me loitering in the romantic vale of Oroca, and in a vile spirit of prosaic common-place, brought me back to Dublin. My trial took place at the ensuing sessions; and, as my diffidence would not permit me wantonly to tell an untruth (both my wives being at hand to contradict me) I at once pleaded guilty to the indictment, and as an encouragement for my candour, was sentenced to seven years transportation beyond seas. Had it not been for this inconsiderate confession, my attorney assured me I should have got off!

I am now like Themistocles in exile, with but little chance of ever revisiting green Erin. Happier than Belshazzar, inasmuch only as I am less short-sighted, I am, like him, the offspring of mischance. The occasion of my banishment, however, is peculiar. Coriolanus was

exiled for political contumacy; Ariadnes for inconvenient ideas of equity; Alcibiades for shameless libertinism; but though all four of us were unfortunate, I am incomparably the most so. That which should have been my pride, has proved my curse. I am the martyr of my devotion to flymen. In a word, bigamy has been my ruin, just as though it did not carry its own punishment sufficiently along with it.

Then, too, this bashfulness of mine, this index to the folio volume of my afflictions, when I reflect on all that it has lost me; when I remember that had I not pleaded guilty to the bad taste of marrying two wives, I might have been acquitted, and by the integrity of the future made amends for the follies of the past; when I consider that in time, I might have won myself a name among nations, have been raised, peradventure, to the Peerage, or, as a bishop of the established church, have lent a helping hand to my Catholic fellow-countrymen; when I reflect on all this, I vow and protest I feel every disposition to run stark, staring mad. Nevertheless, even in the depths of my despair, one consolation remains. "The Lord chasteneth him whom he loveth;" and if this, indeed, be the case, it is some satisfaction for me to reflect that I am Heaven's peculiar care. Possibly, even now—as my master's daughter, a wealthy, estimable, and religious young lady, assures me—I am in training for a cherub, a chrysolite in salvation, destined to come forth in the fulness of time, and spread my new-born wings to the firmament, a blessed butterfly of Paradise.

NEW-YEAR'S DAY.

On the commencement of a new year, the thoughts of every reflecting person will naturally wander back through all the labyrinths of the past. To the mind of the young, the past is hurried quickly over, and the fancy, inspired by ardent hopes, shoots forward, and ranges with wild conjecture on the time to come. To the old, the past has more to tell, and the future has less to promise. To them, memory "wakes the spirit of departed time," and guides them through golden climes or over dreary wastes, according to a life spent in the practice of vice or virtue. Happy the old who on this day can collect around them their friends and relatives, and who, while they enjoy the pleasures of luxurious refreshment, can survey together "a good, and fair, and faultless life." To such the retrospect is a beaming garden of Eden, richly cultivated, delightfully adorned with every graceful flower, and yielding fruit of richest flavour. Devout and cheerful, peaceful and pure, they pass the time in pleasures, heightened by reflection, and coloured by hope. They take each other's hand, and when they breathe the wish of happiness in the coming year, that wish is registered in the book of heaven. With the young it is different. To them the past presents only a few images in a scanty limit of years—a narrow field, with only here and there a flower to dwell upon. Their minds, therefore, turn soon away from the past, and then Hope comes to them, with all her summer visions, and Fancy spreads before them all her fairy frost-works. No "truth severe" shadows the view with any thing unseemly, and they riot in all the delights of unrestrained imagination. They take each other's hand, and in a merry mood, with a strong and hearty shake, they breathe the "happy new-year" wish, and the gods look down and

smile upon their simple innocence. Thus the new-year's day brings to the old all the pleasures of memory, and to the young all the pleasures of hope: but this rich offering comes only to the old who are pious, and to the young who are innocent. Others may be merry, but they cannot be happy. They may gormandize, and eat and drink good things, and talk, and laugh, and wear a countenance of smiles; but in their dark bosoms—around the region of the breast—the rich, the living light of bliss can never shed one ray. In this great and proud metropolis, the number who are merry without happiness, and gay without contentment, can be known only to Him who counts the sands of the ocean, and sees into the depths of the human heart; but among the crowd of joyous, smiling faces of the town, it is sincerely hoped, and most devoutly wished, that but very few cover hearts that are sad; and it is confidently asserted, that, of the great many who throng in our city, in proportion to the number, there are fewer sad than in any other quarter of the globe. This is spoken, not vauntingly, but with becoming gratitude to the great Giver of all good, and with a heart full of sympathy for all the miseries of others. We are delighted to think that no chains of oppression clank in our ears—that no armed force commands us to suffer and be still—that the tongue and the press are free—that we can worship God after the manner of our own uncurbed opinions—that the arts flourish in our land—and that science waves her wand and sheds her light on every hamlet—yea, in every cottage, even to the farthest boundaries of our country. We rejoice that our magistrates are our servants, dependent on our will; and we thank God, from the inmost recesses of our hearts, that if our rulers are dishonest, our people have intelligence to detect, and power to punish; and, from the bottom of our souls, we wish to all the world the same great gifts; and for those particular nations who are at this moment struggling, as we have struggled, for the rights which now we possess. We pray to the God of Justice and Liberty, that he may please to put forth, in their behalf, the strength of His arm, as He did for us, and yield them the same triumphant success that made our souls to rejoice, and our banners to wave with joy. Such are the thoughts inspired by a new-year's day, so far as regards the public. Individually, we think it a proper season to revive resolutions in favour of virtue, which may have been forgotten—to make such new ones as experience may have proved to be necessary—to fix our habits and plans for the improvement of life—to "gird up our loins" for the residue of this world's trials—to determine to do more and better than we have done, and to prepare for those changes which, in spite of all human wisdom and power, must come upon us, as they have come upon all the children of men. That all of us may do thus, and thereby enjoy "a happy new-year," is the sincere wish of our hearts.

The Panharmonicon, one of the most astonishing pieces of mechanism ever invented, is now to be seen at the corner of Broadway and Reed-streets. As it is shortly to be removed, we advise all lovers of the arts to call and see it. It performs a great variety of tunes, and embraces almost every musical instrument now in use.

We are happy to find that the Globe and Emerald have united. The first number of the new series was issued on Saturday last—if it is a fair specimen of the work, we assure the public it is a paper worthy of their most liberal support. We understand it is to be edited by Messrs. Clerke and Mortimer, two gentlemen of acknowledged talents. We wish it all the success it deserves.

ORIGINAL MORAL TALES.

POLYDORE CROSEY.

Just as the sun was setting I reached the mansion of a friend, with whom I intended to spend the night. The evening splendour never rested on a more beautiful landscape. Hill, and valley, and smiling orchards lay before me, and the winding river was dimpling and rippling at my feet. My friend was sitting under a fine willow, with his children and grandchildren. I stood still a few moments, to enjoy a scene, of all others the most charming—a father surrounded by affectionate children. But these were not all the blessings that this gentleman possessed. He was of an ancient and wealthy family. He had himself acquired a large fortune. His talents were of the highest order. He had an excellent constitution. His manners were agreeable and refined. I never saw a more handsome man, nor one more universally beloved.

For my own part, I was sincerely attached to him, and the greatest pleasure of my life was in my periodical visit to his hospitable mansion.

I married a connexion of his, and I have now a legal claim to his affections. We are growing old together, and the calm of his useful, peaceful life, diffuses itself on all around him.

I was received with the kindest welcome by them all, and after the usual inquiries were over, we seated ourselves, and enjoyed the gambols of the children.

The scene was enchanting. The bright gold and purple hues of the clouds were reflected in the river, and the whole landscape was settling into that calm and deep repose, which is so often seen in the evenings of summer. With a kiss and a blessing, one by one, the children and their mothers disappeared, and none were left but Mr. and Mrs. Lenox, their son, son-in-law, and myself.

We wiled away the time in light chat, until the twilight was fast fading away, and the full moon lighted up the scene with new beauties. A pleasing serenity crept over us, and, by degrees, the conversation, which was sprightly and animated, died away: but few words were spoken, and those only at intervals.

A footstep broke upon this pleasing stillness.—We all turned to the place whence the sounds came. We saw a man, whose mean and squalid outline could be distinctly seen in the broad moonlight. He walked slowly up the avenue, and seemed too lazy to make use of his stick in the ordinary way of those who need such support; but, after advancing it for a step or two, he let it grate harshly after him on the gravel walk.

"Good evening, Mr. Lenox," said the man, as he approached.

"What, Polydore! is that you?"

"Yes, sir, I am Polydore Crosey, returned from my year's ramble, and as much in want of a night's lodging as when you first knew me."

"Well," said my friend, "you know the way to your old quarters, and here is your accustomed fee."

The man took the money, bowed, dragged his stick after him, and departed.

"You do not know this old man?" said Mr. Lenox.

"No," said I. "I did not think you had such an acquaintance."

"Why, he is certainly nothing to boast of, as you may see; and, strange as it may seem, whether from a sense of shame, or from caprice, he never makes his appearance but at moonlight, and then his stay is but short. I used to see him more frequently than I do now. But he is very aged, and too lazy to move far at a time. I now only see him once a year. I give him a small sum, which seems to satisfy him. I would do him a good turn if I could—if he would let me; but his habits are such that nothing more can be done than to relieve his immediate necessities."

"Is he any thing more than a common beggar?"

"Why," said my friend, smiling, "I can hardly tell you why I feel kindly disposed towards this man. I may as well, perhaps," and he cast a look at his wife—"I may as well tell you now, what you will certainly some time or other hear. I am, in truth, indebted to that poor beggar for more than I can express. He came to my assistance when I was in great distress of mind and body. He felt, and he spoke with deep feeling. I was, through his means, beggar as he is, raised from the depth of despair to bliss unutterable; and this, too, at a time when I only knew him by name."

I stared at my friend with astonishment.

"What!" exclaimed I, and the young gentlemen partook of my surprise. "What! *you*, who, from your birth to this moment, have been the favourite of heaven; *you*, who have never known want, or evil of any kind?"

"Yes," said Mr. Lenox, laughing; "I—I, who am possessed of every blessing that this life can afford, and who am possessed, too, of a grateful, thankful spirit—the greatest of all blessings; I, who am happy beyond the lot of mortals; I was, at one period of my life, in so degraded and abject a state, that a crust of bread, from that poor man's wallet, saved me, as I thought at the moment, from perishing with hunger, and a single effort of his relieved me from the greatest despair."

"Oh, my dear James," said Mrs. Lenox, laughing, "how can you thus torture these good people? See what effect your conversation has upon them. But I must not say a word, for I see that you are determined to tell the melancholy tale. I shall not stay to hear it. In fact, dear, I cannot hear it unmoved," said she, on finding that Mr. Lenox wished her to remain. "No, no," continued she, "I shall not stay. I owe you a grudge yet, for calling me a Marplot. Do you recollect how ill I behaved when you told this story to one of our friends?—So, good bye, gentlemen. I will prepare a little supper for you. You will have need of refreshment when you have heard all."

If it had not been that I was completely absorbed by my astonishment, I should have wondered at the indifference of Mrs. Lenox to any thing that related to her husband—for she was tenderly attached to him. But I was puzzling myself about the time when all this could have happened. Mr. Lenox was now about fifty years of age, and I had

known him for many years; in fact, I had travelled with him for several years; and it was strange that I had never before heard of his having been unhappy.

He saw our perplexity, and seemed a little irresolute; but he summoned up resolution at length, and we drew our chairs closely to him, filled with intense curiosity. There was a deep silence for a few moments.

"My dear friends," said he, "I dislike to disturb the serenity of this lovely evening by the recital of a melancholy story; but I feel an irresistible desire to make you acquainted with the miseries that beset me, and which must in reality have occupied at least ten years of my life."

It may easily be imagined that we listened in breathless anxiety.

In a low, subdued voice, which made us draw our seats still nearer to him, he began:

"You have often reverted to my uncommonly happy life. It has been a happy one—more so than you can imagine. I was blessed with the tenderest of parents. I was their only child, and although an only child, I never, by one act, disgraced them. I ran through the whole course of a young man's life with unsullied reputation, and I returned from a tour of three years, and found myself master of immense wealth, as the heir of an uncle. About a year after my return, I married, and my parents, always regretting the want of a daughter, became tenderly attached to my wife. Never was mortal nearer perfection than my Emily, nor never was there a creature so beloved. All our wishes, all our joy centred in her, and I, dear as I was to my parents, became but a secondary object. Could happiness like this be conceived? It could not. It seemed too great to last; and my dear mother, always timid, was, by degrees, becoming so anxious, that she infected us all with her fears. We were never alone together, that she did not dwell on the subject. 'Oh, my son!' would she say, 'let us not suffer our present happiness to engross us so completely as to forget that there may be a sad reverse. This beloved, spotless angel, that we now call our own, may be snatched from us. It cannot be that we deserve to keep her amongst us. I have a presentiment that we shall lose her: let us humble ourselves, and prepare for the affliction.' It may easily be supposed that conversations like these, so often repeated, could not do otherwise than increase my anxiety. My precious Emily was not in robust health, and my feelings amounted to nervousness. The time approached when she was to become a mother. My parents, all the domestics, her friends, partook of the same anxiety. She looked so lovely, her voice was so soft, and her manners were so fascinating, that she excited the deepest interest in all who knew her. I was in a state of mind not easily described, when her indisposition was announced to me. Two days and nights we were kept in a state of uncertainty the most painful. I neither ate nor slept. I had not seen my Emily during that period. I felt that I was not able to go to her. At length my father came to me. I saw by his countenance that there was no hope, and I hid my face. 'Do not speak to me, my father,' said I, ris-

ing in agony, 'I cannot hear any thing.' He looked at me with the tenderest pity. 'I have nothing worse to communicate, my son; but Emily asks for you: go to her for a few moments.' I understood him. I was to see her for the last time. I saw her—I pressed her to my heart. It was but for a moment. I was taken from the room by force. I rushed past my friends, and flew down stairs to my study, shutting the door with violence. I need not describe my ravings through that bitter day. I only stopped my violent paces through the apartment to listen to a footstep that now and then approached the door. There was no good news, and no one cared to intrude. Our good Comus at length ventured to open the door. It was now twilight, and, excepting a cup of chocolate, I had not tasted food for two days. I was sitting in a kind of stupor when he came in. I looked up for an instant, but there was nothing to communicate. His fine white teeth, of which he is still vain, were hidden. He, too, was overwhelmed with fear and distress. To see Comus without that broad expanse of mouth was, indeed, to augur ill. I became fretful, and begged him to leave me. 'May I bring in a cup of tea and a biscuit? My lady has sent down to desire me to bring you in your supper.' 'What lady? when was this?' 'About half an hour ago, sir; but I came several times to the door, without liking to come in.' My Emily, then, was still living—still alive to her affection for me. Her protracted suffering, however, was no confirmation that she might be restored to me, and my grief seemed to redouble. 'Go, Comus,' said I: 'leave me—leave me now. When I ring, you may bring in a light and some refreshments.' He left the room, and drew the door softly after him, leaving it ajar. 'Shut the door, Comus,' said I, impatiently. He came forward a little: 'The door has settled, sir, I believe. I will have it altered to-morrow.' 'To-morrow!' thought I: 'oh! that to-morrow would never come!' Comus was still at the door. 'I shall disturb you sir, if I shut the door, for I shall have to press with all my strength.' 'Never mind the noise, my good Comus: go now—I want to be left alone.' It was with a considerable effort that the door was closed. I then recollected that when I hastened down to my room in the morning, I found that it was difficult to get the door open. I pushed with all my force, and it opened so suddenly that I almost fell. My heel, for I had on thin slippers, struck on something sharp. It had pained me very much through the day, but my mental sufferings absorbed me entirely. It was now twilight, and I could see every thing distinctly around me. There hung my Emily's hat and shawl, just as she left them when we returned from our last walk in the garden; in a little frame, on the table, lay her watch, the ticking of which I had heard throughout the day, and I seemed sensible of it in the midst of all my intense grief. I had wound it up carefully the two preceding nights. This was the usual time of doing it. A superstitious thought struck me. I seized the watch, and wound it up hastily. I had conceived the idea that my Emily would expire with the last stroke of the watch, and I felt a kind of pleasure in fancying that I had thus secured her life for another day. This feverish, nervous irritability could not have continued long, for my mind and body were exhausted by grief, and want of sleep and food. I touched the tassel of the bell, which hung near my elbow, with the intention of ringing for Comus; but I encountered numberless little tokens of my dear wife, and again the sickness of heart came over me. There lay her thimble—her scissors—a paper with her name and mine written in a variety of ways, all neat and beautiful.

I took up another piece. I could just distinguish the writing: it was a check, which she had playfully written in imitation of my own writing. It was to a large amount, and she told me to sign it. It was mere play, and the next moment it was forgotten; and a little cap, delicately worked, was shown to me with all the blushing tenderness of love. There still lay the cap. I took it tremblingly in my hands: emotions the most painful overpowered me, and tears at length found their way. These tears seemed to subdue the violence of my feelings, and I sat in a kind of stupor—motionless, with my head resting on my hand. I heard the door open slowly. Instead of the crash and noise with which it had last opened, it now only creaked on the hinges, as if they wanted oil. I looked towards the door. It opened wider and wider. I cannot tell how it happened, for I was always of a fearless temper; but an indescribable awe came over me as the door moved. My eye was fixed on it. I saw a hand pushing the door slowly, as if fearful of making a noise; and, in a second or two, a tall, bony man entered on tiptoe. He approached me with noiseless tread, and in a low, harsh voice, bid me sign the check, which, I observed to you, lay on the table. My tongue cleaved to the roof of my mouth. I was unable to articulate. 'Sign that paper,' said he, raising his voice. I obeyed him. He took the check, and beckoned me to follow. Where was my manhood at that moment? I arose tremblingly. The cold perspiration fell from my face. I seemed to be nerveless, powerless. I had neither strength nor courage to ring the bell, nor call for help. In ordinary times I could have resisted a much stronger man than this ruffian appeared to be, but now a child might have led me. I followed him, in silence, down the avenue, and through that grove yonder. We reached the water. Our little boat lay there; its flag fluttering in the moonlight breeze. The man entered, and, dragging me after him, bid me sit down. He began to row. Imagine my distress in being thus torn from my family. I wrung my hands, and wept aloud. The boat seemed to cut the waters. I was always a good swimmer; and, swift as this man rowed, I could have escaped: but, although I made the attempt, I found that, owing to the bruised heel, my leg was numb. I could neither raise my foot nor rise in the boat. In vain I rubbed my leg—in vain did I move my position: I was obliged to give up the attempt, and sit in silence, while the ruffian rowed on with more than human strength. We were near Fern's Island: I could distinctly see it; and I subdued my disgust and passion, in some degree, that I might make terms with the wretch. I asked him for what purpose he had committed this outrage—an outrage that would eventually crush him to atoms. 'You cannot suppose for a moment,' said I, 'that my friends will long remain ignorant of my situation: it will be discovered, and vengeance the most dire will overtake you. If you will put me on shore at Fern's Island, I will allow you to keep the check that you already have, and I will double it as soon as I land.' He heard me unmoved: 'As to Fern's Island,' said he, at length, 'I am going to land there, but it will be only to eat a mouthful. You are to remain in the boat. You will see soon enough what is to become of you.' So saying, he lent renewed vigour to the oar, and to my distempered fancy, we went as if on eagle's wings; and such was the impetus given to the boat, that it fell back several paces on striking the shore. We were on the uninhabited side of the island, and it was scarcely possible to gain a footing, even by those who had strength of nerve and limb; and I

despaired of getting on shore in my weak state.—I made the attempt, however; and as soon as the man had clambered up a few steps, I moved myself, with great difficulty, to the edge of the boat, and was in the act of throwing myself on the little projection of rock to which the boat was fastened, when the ruffian, turning his head, saw me. He hastened down the rocky hill; and seizing my leg, which was on the rock, gave me a sudden swing to the bottom of the boat. I must have hurt my head by the fall, for I recollect nothing until I found myself in bed in a wretched looking room. I found that my heel still pained me; and, in turning, I saw a disagreeable looking woman near me. She was carding wool, and every now and then she cast her eyes to the bed, as if to see whether I were awake. The dust from the wool that she was carding flew in my nose and throat, and incommoded me very much. I was, besides, suffering with thirst, augmented by the heat of the room. On seeing that I moved, she came to me. I never shall forget my sensations on seeing her. But I must hasten on with my story. She assisted me to rise. I left the bed with difficulty, and asked her for a drink of water. 'There is a spring at the door,' said she, in a surly tone: 'help yourself—I have no time to waste on sick gentlemen.' She pointed to the door, and I saw what appeared to me a delicious spring of water. It was bubbling up, and running over the snow-white pebbles. It was in vain that I attempted to reach the water. My whole side was numb, and my heel was now so much swelled that I could not put it to the ground. I begged in vain to be helped to the door. I almost raved, so much did I suffer with heat and thirst.—'How long am I to be tortured in this way?' said I. 'You are to wait until Julius Cæsar comes in,' said she. I stared at the woman. 'Julius Cæsar! Is that the name of the ruffian that has committed this outrage?' The woman turned angrily towards me, and was about to answer, when I saw the man enter. 'Well,' said he, 'you are up. Here is a letter for you; but first go to that table and eat. I don't want to starve you quite. You have never known what it was to suffer: it is high time that you should learn to know how others, quite as worthy as yourself, have to bear with their evil destiny. You shall feel a little of the wants of human nature before I have done with you.' I was too weak to reply to this strange speech. The man and woman seated themselves at a table that was covered with a fine white cloth. A large jug of water, just dipped from the spring, was placed on a stand near the table. By dragging the chair, I reached the place. The woman, even more savage than the man, whispered something to him. I have but a confused recollection of this meal: my head was dizzy: all I remember is, that the drink, instead of assuaging my thirst, only excited it afresh. The woman disappeared with the table, when the man turned suddenly around to me, and said, 'You asked the woman what my name was. You have heard it. Have you any objections?' 'None,' said I, hastily. A sudden thought struck me. I wonder that it did not occur to me before. On the south side of Fern's Island, there was a hospital for maniacs. I now believed myself in the power of these poor creatures. The savage look, the preternatural strength of the man, his name, all convinced me of the truth. I began to have hopes of eluding their vigilance. At any rate, I knew that there must be some sane persons who had the charge of the establishment, and I determined to sit quietly, and wait the result. The poor wretch, this Julius Cæsar, took the letter from his pocket, and handed it to me; but the woman, who had seated herself at her wheel, snatched

it away. 'Give him the letter, you fool,' said the man. But she had thrust it in her pocket, and she went on, at a prodigious rate, spinning wool. I never saw any thing go faster than her wheel—it absolutely made my head reel. The man insisted on having the letter, and, finally, a battle ensued. 'He shall not have a pleasure, if I can help it,' said the savage woman. 'Pleasure!' said the man; 'is that your idea? Give him the letter—you need not fear. It is a letter that will make him bite the dust.' With malicious satisfaction, she gave me the letter. I knew the hand-writing—it was from my father. I broke it open hastily. To this day, I shudder at the recollection of the contents. It ran thus: 'My dear son—Emily expired this morning. You are on Fern's Island. Make yourself easy, until the funeral is over, and I will send for you. Do not fear—the people will not injure you. Your mother is very well, and much relieved since the worst is over.' I sunk, fainting, from my chair. I recovered to a knowledge of my wretchedness.—Was there a human being so wretched as myself? I looked around. The man looked at me unmoved, but the woman had a strange kind of horrid joy in seeing my misery. I raved, and shouted in my agony, 'Do your worst now, you wretches! Do your worst! there is a human being more savage than yourselves! I care no more for life! I shall become mad, like yourselves! Here!' said I, in a frenzy—'here! I am a free man now. I have had an angel, and she has gone back to heaven. I will marry this woman, and I shall then have a demon. Come! I am ready. Get the book—I will have this woman for a wife.' I have a confused recollection of wine, and songs, and laughter, in which I seemed to join. I was at length pronounced the husband of this woman. I felt a kind of savage pleasure in the idea of the pain I was inflicting on my parents. I was completely alienated from them. The unfeeling letter that I received had broken the ties of nature. I only hoped to have a son—a son, even more hateful than its mother. I wrote to my father, and bid them all adieu for ever. I said that I had determined to remain where I was, and to abjure civilized society. I told him that his cruel letter had estranged me from them for ever—that I never could forgive his inhumanity in thus announcing to me the death of my adored wife—that I meant to live amongst the wretches, into whose hands he had so barbarously betrayed me—and that I hoped to give him a grandson, who would reward him for thus ruining his only child. I sent this letter by the man, and gave myself up to gloom and despair."

Mr. Lennox was here interrupted in his narrative, which was, however, soon after continued, with unabated interest. The succeeding chapter will develop the mystery that now enshrouds his fate, and exhibit to the reader the services rendered by Polydore Crosey, the eccentric hero of the tale.

and where again there was a verdict of acquittal, he came with ‘all his honours thick upon him,’ and passed three or four days with us at Southbarrow. Whether success had not increased his companionable qualities, or from what cause, I know not; but, though equally conciliating to my father and mother, he and the junior part of the family got so completely to loggerheads, that, on the day of his departure, full of our supposed annoyances Jack, Robert, and myself waylaid him at the gate, pulled off our hats, waved them, and then huzzaed him. He turned round abruptly, stared, and haughtily demanded what we meant? ‘We mean,’ cried Robert, ‘to pay the compliment due to your talents.’ ‘Ay,’ continued Jack, ‘particularly to your *talent* of making yourself *disagreeable*.’ Then we all ran into the house, and peeping through a window, saw him returning; when suddenly altering his mind, he put spurs to his horse, and galloped away. The next time we met in the Adelphi, Erskine shook us by the hand, laughed heartily at the circumstances, and said, ‘as he did not forget he was a *great* barrister, we were quite right in remembering we were the sons of a *great* attorney;’ a character certainly not exactly to be trifled with by either old or young big wigs.”

“Speaking of doctors, I believe the first great hoax ever practised, occurred about this period. Physicians, surgeons, and apothecaries, amounting, at least, to the number of fifty, received letters to attend at ten o’clock in the morning, on a well-known wealthy lawyer, residing close to the Thames, at the end of Essex Street, which was then, as it is now, a complete *cul de-sac*. Soon after the appointed hour six carriages arrived, then, in an instant, many more. After much pailey, rage, and confusion, some of the doctors, finding they had been deceived, ordered their coach to turn, and drive to their real patients. Then came the hoaxer’s triumph—above twenty medical flats were preparing to get out of the street, while a more than equal number were as violently struggling to get into it. This small *cul-de-sac* being now completely blockaded, the original cause of action was, as usual, speedily forgotten; and the doctors and their servants passed the remainder of the morning in polemical disquisitions in an *alto key*, and in general abuse and retort. Though some invalids suffered, perhaps, by this jest, others, in their own opinion, benefitted; at least Lord Effingham used to say, ‘To this facetious event I owe my life, for I sent for Dr C———and he *could not come*.’ Undoubtedly his lordship was not very partial to the faculty; for once, when my brother Richard said, ‘What a wonderful climate Greenland’s must be, since the natives live there to the age of one hundred years, *without* medical men;’ his lordship replied, ‘Then what a much more wonderful climate England’s must be, since they live here one hundred years *with* them!’”

Our next extract is a curious anecdote.

“To recur to the subject of *pocketing affronts*—My brother Jack, late one evening in January, proceeding in his gig to Southbarrow, was stopped on Bromley Hill by a highwayman, who, presenting a pistol, furiously demanded his money. I will not say that Jack took fright, but his horse did, and, with a violent plunge, galloped off at full speed. The highwayman’s foot being struck by the wheel, he was immediately unhorsed, and dashed on the ground; while his horse, now left to his own guidance, mechanically followed the vehicle. Jack in total ignorance of the whole proceeding, hearing the horse behind the gig, naturally concluded the highwayman was in full pursuit, and expected every moment to have his brains blown out. However, on entering the town, he discovered his error, to his great relief; and stopping at the inn, and desiring to speak to the landlord, he related the circumstance, and then delivered the horse to him; ordering it to be immediately advertised according to the usual form—‘if not owned, nor demanded, within ten days from the date hereof, it will be peremptorily sold to defray expences.’ As may be supposed, the horse was neither owned nor claimed, so therefore sold: and Jack, *pocketing the affront*, cleared upwards of thirty pounds by what he called *‘robbing a highwayman.’*”

It became necessary, when Mr. Frederic was about seventeen years old, to send him to Spain to obtain some payment from Lord Grandison, who was indebted to his father; and of this trip we have a pleasant narrative. When he landed at Calais, he made Dessein’s his hotel, and tells us—

“I was full of Sterne, and this was Sterne’s Dessein. I desired eagerly to converse with him about the former, but knew not how to commence. At length, however, *appropos des bottles*, as the French say, I asked him, without preface, whether he remembered ‘Monsieur Sterne?’ The good old *aubergiste* smiled, and replying in the affirmative, one word led to another; till his presence being suddenly required elsewhere, he hastily concluded in the following manner:—‘Your countryman, Monsieur Sterne, von great, von vary great man, and he carry me vid him to posterity. He gain moche money by his Journey of Sentiment—mais moi—I—make more through de means of dat, than he by all his ouvrages reunies—Ha, ha.” Then, as if in imitation of Sterne, he laid his forefinger on my breast and said, in a voice lowered almost to a whisper, ‘*Qu’en pensez vous?*’ and then departed. After dinner, I took a walk over the town. There is a fine convent in the market-place, and what I equally liked, a fine cafe: went to the play, and afterwards supped with a chevalier of the order of St. Louis, Monsieur Chamang. His two daughters are lovely girls; the eldest of whom, understanding I did not speak French, said in a low tone to her sister, ‘Mon Dieu! quel grand nez.” ‘Oui,’ replied the younger, ‘c’est comme un vrai *bec de perroquet*.’”

“August the 14th.—Wanting to walk on the pier, I asked the garçon (who spoke English very tolerably) the French for it. He, thinking as *Milord Anglais*, I could mean nothing but *peer*, a lord, replied *paire*. Away I then went, and passing over the market place and draw-bridge, stumbled on the *pier*; without having had occasion to inquire my way to it, by the garçon’s novel appellation. There I remained ‘strutting my half hour,’ till dinner time. At the *table d’hôte* the commandant of the the troops of the town sat next me; and among other officers and gentlemen at the table, were the president of the Council at Ratisbon, a Russian count, and several Prussians; in all amounting to about twenty, not one of whom (as it appeared to me) spoke a word of English, except a remarkably pretty Irish-woman. I thought I could never please a Frenchman so much as by praising his town: ‘Monsieur,’ I said condescendingly to the commandant, ‘*J’ai vu votre paire:*’ meaning I have seen your *pier*; but which he naturally understood, I have seen your *pere*, father. This address, from a perfect stranger, surprised him; ‘*Il est beau et grand, monsieur,*’ I continued. The commandant examined me from head to foot with an astonishment that imparted to me an almost equal share. I saw there was a mistake, and I attempted to explain, by pronouncing very articulately, ‘Oui, monsieur, j’ai vu votre *paire*,—votre *paire* sur le havre,—’ ‘Eh bien, monsieur,’ replied the commandant, ‘et que *disait-il?*’—I was astounded; and, looking round the room for the keeper to the supposed madman, I discovered that the eyes of the whole company were upon me. ‘Monsieur,’ I cried, again attempting to explain, with as much deliberation and precision, and in as good French as I could command, ‘Monsieur,’ est-il possible que vous *residez* ici, et que vous ne *connaissiez* pas votre *paire*—votre *paire* si—si long!’ This speech naturally only increased the incomprehensibility of the whole conversation; and the commandant beginning, in rather *haut en bas* terms, to demand an explanation, like all cowards when driven into a corner, I became desperate. ‘Messieurs,’ I cried, somewhat boisterously, ‘il faut que vous *connoissiez* votre *paire*! Le *paire* de votre ville, qui est fait de

pierre, et a la tete de bois,—et a ce moment on travaille a lui *racommoder sa fin*, a laquelle le vent a fait du mal!’ This was the *coup de grace* to all decorum; every Frenchman abandoned himself to his laughter, till the room fairly shook with their shouts; and even the astonished commandant himself could not help joining them. ‘Alow me, sir,’ said a gentleman sitting by the side of the Irish lady, and whom I had not previously observed. ‘My dear sir,’ interrupted I, ‘you are an Englishman, pray, pray explain.’ ‘Sir,’ he replied, ‘you have just told this gentleman,’ pointing to the commandant, ‘that his father is the father of the whole town; that he is made of stone, but has a wooden head; and at this moment the workmen are engaged in mending his end, that the wind has damaged.’ I was paralysed. ‘Tell me,’ I cried, as if my life depended on his answer, ‘what is the French for *pier*?’ ‘*Jelee*, or according to the common people, *pont*,’ he replied. I had scarcely sense enough left to assist the Englishman in his good natured attempts to unravel the error. He succeeded, however, and then commenced in French an explanation to the officers. At this moment, the waiter informed the me St. Omer Diligence was about to depart. I rushed from the scene of my disgrace, and stepped into the vehicle, just as the termination of the Englishman’s recital exploded an additional *eclat de rire* at my expense.”

AMUSING ANECDOTES. Continued.

REYNOLD'S MEMOIRS, &c.

We are sure we cannot entertain the public more agreeably than by beginning where we left off with this auto-biography. Of a date not much later than that with which our last Number concluded, we are told—

“About this period, one of our constant visitors was the Honourable Thomas Erskine, who had lately relinquished the army and the navy, for a new profession, the law. Little did I then think that this young student, who resided in small lodgings at Hampstead, and openly avowed that he lived on cow beef, because he could not afford to purchase any of a superior quality—dressed shabbily—expressed the greatest gratitude to Mr. Harris for occasional free admissions, and used boastingly to exclaim to my father—‘Thank fortune, out of my own family I don’t know a lord,’—little did I then think that I should live to see this distressed personage in possession of a peerage, the seals, and the annual receipt of above fifteen thousand pounds. But want of income, that great professional stimulant, urged him into action; and, aided by strong natural talents and increasing industry, his consequent success and *rise* were so rapid, that I remember Murphy the dramatic author always calling him the ‘balloon barrister.’ One of his first clients was Admiral Keppel, who, being brought to a court martial by Sir Hugh Palliser, and acquitted, presented his successful young advocate with a bank note of one thousand pounds. Mr. Erskine shewed us the novel sight, and exclaimed, ‘*Viola the nonsuit of cow beef*, my good friends!’ Soon after Lord George Gordon’s trial, for whom, with Lord Kenyon, he was counsel,

From the New Arabian Nights' Entertainments

STORY OF NUREDDIN AND MARIA.

The story of Nureddin and Maria the girdle-maker, is one of the best in the collection. The scene is laid chiefly in Egypt, where there lived an immensely rich merchant named Tajeddin. The number of his horses, mules, and slaves, was past counting; he was, in short, 'the merchant of merchants.'

This Tajeddin had a son named Nureddin, who was in his fourteenth year, and 'beautiful as the moon when she has attained her fourteenth day.' One day as he was conversing with some youths of his own age in the bazaar, they proposed a trip to a garden belonging to one of them. Nureddin, like a dutiful son, said he would go ask his father's permission. Tajeddin made no objection, and gave him money into the bargain. The garden was of course most magnificent, abounding in fruits, in the description of which the author complacently appropriates a stanza to each till he is exhausted. The company seated themselves in a tent, took off their turbans, and chatted together. A plentiful picnic dinner was served up, fowls and chickens, geese and goslings, partridges and quails, without number. After coffee, the keeper of the garden brought in a basket of roses, and each of the youths, who were ten in number, favours us with a stanza in praise of the rose. The owner of the garden now calls for wine. The bowl passed round till it came to Nureddin, who declared it, alleging that it was prohibited.

'Ah,' said the owner of the garden, 'if nothing else deters you from drinking than the idea of the sin which you commit, let me tell you that God is great, gracious and all merciful, and willing to accept these petty faults. Recollect only what one of our poets says—'

'Do what is agreeable to you, and make no scruples. But beware only of two things: give God no equal, and do no injury to men.'

Nureddin still refused for some time, but all the youths rose and besought him to drink. He was then ashamed to hold out, and drained the bowl to the last drop.

'It would have been very wrong for you, Nureddin,' said the proprietor of the garden, 'had you refused this elixir, to the virtues and admirable qualities of which you are an utter stranger. It is a specific under every affliction, a panacea for the pains of body and soul, it gives wealth to the poor, courage to the coward, and to the weak the power of enjoyment. I should never have done were I to attempt to speak all its praise.' He thereupon opened one of the cupboards in the tent, took a large lump of sugar-candy, gave it to Nureddin, and said, 'Take this and put it into your glass, to give a milder taste to the wine in case you find it too harsh.' Nureddin accordingly continued drinking, encouraged by the universal applause of his comrades, who kept constantly repeating, 'Nureddin, we are thy servants, thy slaves, thy brethren. Nureddin, dispose of us as thou wilt.'—Vol. ii pp 187, 188.

Our hero, though scarce able to stand, contrived to stammer out that there was no pleasure in drinking without singing and music, appending, as is usual, the advice of a poet. His seducer mounted his mule, cantered off, and speedily came back with an Egyptian girl, white as silver in the mine, or as an almond, with eyebrows like bows, her teeth pearly, and her lips as if wrought in marble.' She was dressed in blue, and resembled, as the poet expresses it, 'the summer moon amidst a wintry night.' Nureddin, who shone among his companions like the moon among the inferior luminaries, was the object on whom the four musicians lavished all her blandishments. She sung to him, cast on him the most ravishing glances, till like Alexander, with love and wine at once oppressed, he bestowed on her the tenderest caresses.

While they were thus engaged, the stars began to glisten in the firmament, and the breath of God arose in the breeze of the night. Nureddin in spite of the remonstrances of his friends and the lady, would go home. There he met with nothing but reproaches from his father and his mother, for violating the prohibition against wine. He raised his hand against his father, who swore a bitter oath, that he would the next day either part from the mother of so undutiful a child, or have his right hand cut off.

The good woman, who had some idea the old man would be more willing to part with than with his hand; got up early in the morning, and went to her son, who knew nothing of what had happened, and who was filled with remorse when he heard what he had done. She told him he must be off till the storm had blown over, giving him at the same time a purse of 1000 dinars, and desiring him when that was spent to send for more. Nureddin rose, wept, took leave of his mother, but having observed that in the chest whence his mother took the small purse, there was a large one of 1000 dinars, he secured that also under his girdle, and set out for Alexandria. Here, like all other young men in eastern tales, he spent his time in walking about, admiring the city, till an old man who was shutting up his shop in the bazaar desired him to make his house his home while he stayed. The old man was a friend of his father, and he had seen Nureddin when a child. Nureddin was very glad of this acquaintance, gave him his big purse to keep for him, kept the little one for pocket money, and walked about as usual. At length, one day when his pocket-cash was out, he called on the old man, but no

finding him in his shop, he sat down to wait for him. Just then a Persian passed, mounted on a mule, and accompanied by a slave 'white as the kernel of the acorn in its rind, as the silver in the mine, as the jet in the desert.' The Persian delivered her to the crier, who placed her in a seat of ivory inlaid with gold, and lifted up the veil that covered her face 'which shone like a star.' She was set up at 1500 dinars; with the condition that she was to approve of her future master. The bidding rose like lightning to 950. 'Are you satisfied, owner?' said the crier—I am. But then the condition. The crier pointed out the highest bidder to the slave. He was an emaciated old man.

'Crier,' said she 'you must be a fool to think of selling me to this old fellow, who has more than once been obliged to put up with the bitterest reproaches from his wife.' The old man flew into a violent passion. 'Rascally crier!' (said he) hast thou brought this impudent hussy hither to insult me?' The crier took the slave by the hand, and said to her: Have some consideration! this man is the chief of the merchants.—'So much the better,' said she, laughing: 'one must begin with reading lessons to the highest, if they are to do any good.'—Vol. ii pp. 200, 201.

After several other persons had bid for her, at last she spied Nureddin. 'See,' said she to the crier, giving him a glimpse of a ruby ring, 'I will give thee this, if thou canst prevail on that young man to purchase me.' The crier comes up to Nureddin; a page of poetry tells us how he was dazzled with her beauty. Nureddin approached the slave, and after a little talk, bid the 950 dinars, which, with the pitcher of wine to the crier and the duty to government, exactly cut out his 1000 dinars; so he had his beautiful slave (who was a Frank, by the way, and not a tartar in the world) to take her home: she thought his lodgings very shabby; that he excused by saying that Cairo was his home, and that he was but a stranger here. 'Well, then, I will endeavour to accustom myself to it till you return to Cairo, but first of all let a good dinner be provided for me.' Nureddin had no money. 'Go to-morrow,' said she. Nureddin went to his friend, the old colour merchant. The colour merchant was amazed at his folly at throwing away 1000 dinars on a slave, when the best, he said might be bought for 200. He advised him however to keep her for that night and to think himself right well off if he got 200 for her in the morning. He lent him meantime, fifty silver drachmas, charging him by all means to lose no time in getting rid of her. When Nureddin got home, the slave desired him to lay out half the money in provisions, and the remainder in silk of different colours. Nureddin did so, and cooked the provisions; they supped and chatted till he fell asleep. The slave then took a huswife made of tail-leather out of her pocket, drove a couple of nails in the wall, and began to work a girdle with the silk, and when she finished it she retired to rest by his side.

Next morning when they had said their prayers, the slave shewed Nureddin the girdle she had made, and bid him sell it. He actually got twenty dinars for the girdle. 'Upon my soul,' said she, 'I never knew a better trade than this. It is more profitable to make such girdles than to be a great merchant.'

Nureddin paid his old friend his debt, who wished him joy of the treasure he had got, and spoke no more of selling her; and Maria (the name of the girdle-maker) worked away every night, and every day brought in twenty dinars. At last she desired him to buy silk of six colours, and she worked him a neck-handkerchief that was the admiration and envy of the whole city. To shorten the story, this handkerchief attracted the notice of an old squint-eyed Frank, whom Maria particularly detested, but to whom Nureddin was induced in a fit of intoxication to sell her.

It is now time to inform the curious, that Maria was the daughter of a great king of the Franks. She had had the best of educations; had learned every kind of elegant work, and was, as may well be supposed, sought in marriage by a number of princes, who reigned over islands. But her father would not part with her, though he had plenty of sons. At length she was afflicted by a severe illness, and she made a vow, if she recovered, to perform a pilgrimage to a convent famous among the Franks. On her voyage thither, she was taken by a Mahomedan corsair, who carried her and all her retinue to the city of Cairo, where she was bought by a Persian merchant who was a eunuch. She attended him in a long and dangerous illness, and he promised, at her request, never to sell her but to such a master as she should herself approve of. The good Persian, more-over instructed her in Islamism, and then sold her at Alexandria.

When the king, her father, heard of her captivity he was greatly afflicted. He sent knights and patriarchs in every direction in search of her, but all to no purpose. At length he sent the squint-eyed Frank, who was his minister of police, and 'the devil incarnate at the business of espial,' who, having seen, and brought her home sorely against her will. Nureddin, on his part, was equally disconsolate: every thing he saw recalled Maria to his mind, and he was on the verge of despair, when an old captain sailed, who was going with his ship to the very city to which Maria had been brought. Nureddin embarked, and after sailing fifty-one days, they were taken by a Frank corsair, and carried to the residence of the king of the Franks, where they arrived at the same time as the princess Maria.

Her account of her adventures was by no means agreeable to her family, and it was decreed by the king, that to wash away the stain of slavery and its consequences from the princess his daughter, at

least a hundred Mussulmans ought to have their heads cut off. Accordingly it was ordered that the Mussulmans, amounting to one hundred, taken by the corsair, should be forthwith executed. The captain's head was first knocked off, and so on till they came to Nureddin, who like the silent barber, had the good luck to be placed last. The headman however was approaching him, when an old woman came forward, and reminded the king of his vow, to bestow five captive Moslems on the church if he should ever get the princess again. 'By the Messiah, mother, (said the king) I had quite forgot that: there is but one left, so take him, and I remain your debtor for four.' She took Nureddin home. The result is, that by accident he obtains an interview with Maria, who contrives to escape with him from her father's dominions, and return to Alexandria. Here they encountered fresh misfortunes, but after being again restored to her father's jurisdiction, she again found Nureddin and fled with him. New dangers met them in their flight, but these they surmounted through the ingenuity and courage of Maria, and the story of course, ends happily for the lovers.

* Velut inter ignes Luna minores.

Yet the Arab, it is likely, never read Horace.